

THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

When Mr. Galt had presented us with his Auto-biography, we certainly thought that he had wound up his literary career: and it must be admitted, that few have laboured more industriously in the vineyard, or culled choicer fruits. We considered that the auto-biography of an author would, of course, contain his *literary life*—for are they not one and the same thing? but we find that we have been under a mistake, for his literary life now makes its appearance. Still we cannot but feel that, either in one case or the other, we have been defrauded. If the Auto-biography does not contain Mr. Galt's literary life, we have not received our full measure in that quarter; if it does, the present work is supererogatory. However that may be, here it is, dedicated by permission to his Majesty, and we trust that our beneficent sovereign will be rewarded for his condescension, by some very refreshing naps over the production.

We have many reasons for not being severe upon Mr. Galt. He has our every good wish; but still we must do our duty to the public; and if Mr. Galt will, after having written so well, try the temper of the public by such a "tail-piece" as the one before us, he must not be permitted to go quite scot free, even when our warmest sympathy is excited towards him from other considerations. When we travelled through these three volumes, we were reminded of an old housekeeper, who, generally after having made her pie, has a piece of dough to spare, which she makes into a little dwarf puff, and sends to be baked alongside of its gigantic brother. The previous works of John Galt are the pies, and very excellent pies have they proved to be. The literary life is the little bit of dough which was to spare, and Mr. Galt has kneaded it, rolled it, buttered it, and baked it, as a tit-bit for his majesty.

"And isn't it a pretty dish to put before the king?"

Court of Sigismond Augustus. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

This novel is a translation from Alexander Brownikowski, by one of those Polish gentlemen, who have been forced to expatriate themselves to avoid the hug of the Russian bear. It is purely historical, and founded

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upon the fact of Sigismond Augustus having married a beautiful widow of one of the Polish noblemen, previous to his ascent to the throne. The turbulent and overbearing nobility, aided by Bona, the mother of Sigismond, demand that she shall be repudiated, and that Sigismond shall take another queen, whose high descent shall better warrant their fealty. Sigismond refuses, and the work winds up with his wife being poisoned by the intrigues of Bona at a festival. We consider this as a good work, if it was only from the acquaintance it enables us to form with the manners and customs of the ancient Poles ; it also adheres as much as it possibly can do, to the facts of history. The translation is very fair, and we wish it success.

On the Motions of the Earth and Heavenly Bodies, as explained by Electro-Magnetic Attraction and Repulsion, and on the Conception, Growth, and Decay of Man, and Cause and Treatment of his Diseases, as referable to Galvanic Action. By P. CUNNINGHAM, Surgeon, R.N. Cochrane and Co., Waterloo Place.

The reader will perceive by the title, how many momentous questions this volume embraces, and how inadequately our space will afford us sufficient scope, even to give the views of the author, upon the various branches of his subject. They are novel and singular, but whether they be true or false, experiment only can determine ; but they could have originated from no mind but that of a profound thinker, and a man of talent. The principal features of his doctrine is the assertion that heat and electricity are identical, and that health is preserved by a due balance between the powers of electricity and magnetism in the human frame. Indeed, he asserts every thing beneath the heavens, and in the waters under the earth, depend for their existence upon these two powers. So far is this carried, that we doubt not, that were it proposed seriously to the author whether a game at chess between two parties was decided by it, he would answer in the affirmative. It is altogether a very curious book, with its recrementation, and its excrementation, and its prescription of the pillory for almost all sorts of diseases, and its advice of sleeping with the head upwards in the northern, and with it downwards in the southern, hemispheres. Then the startling assertion that grey hairs are not the effect, but the cause, of age. Oh, but we are joyful at this doctrine ! Though the least in the world thin of hair at the apex of our head, here are we at forty with not a grey fibre upon us. It is a comfortable assurance. The whole chapter upon constitutional renewal is a wonderful one. Old age is curable. There is a modern Medean kettle on the fire. Is there nobody enough in love with life to jump into it ? Our author does, indeed, concede that old age is a chronic disease, (one, by-the-bye, to which we trust we shall be liable,) but yet, bad as it has ever hitherto been looked upon, still amenable to a curative process, so that, in his own words, "we shall be able to restore the decayed body to all the plumpness and vigour of middle life, at least." At least ! Why who would be so insatiable as to ask for more ? The process recommended is simple, and the description of it short—we shall, therefore, *not* quote it—as it alone ought to be the mean of selling an edition of three thousand copies—if true. As we wish this book to be very generally read, we leave our friends in ignorance, in order to spur them on to procure it. We must say, in conclusion, that the whole of this work evinces the powers of a gigantic mind, but it is too little digested. A volume would be insufficient to prove satisfactorily any one of his numerous startling assertions, and here we have all ancient systems and theories attacked, many new ones, most wonderful in themselves, attempted to be esta-

blished, and all these mighty undertakings comprised in a small book of two hundred and eighty-one pages. We wish, for the present, that Mr. Cunningham would leave his mass-magnetism alone, and bring to perfection his system of making life perpetual, if it were only for the satisfaction of the life assurance offices, and to afford Mr. Malthus another opportunity of being further eloquent upon the preventive check.

Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

This volume is composed of morceaux that are really exquisite. We particularly allude to the prose parts of the work. They abound in the soundest criticism, the most enlightened and the most original views, and we defy any one to read them without becoming much wiser, and, if not very old and much prejudiced, better into the bargain. The author won our hearts at the very onset. We have, like him, a loyalty almost chivalric, for pure English style; and, it is very certain that our attempts to refine our bold, honest, and expressive language, mark a gradual and undermining effeminacy, that speaks ill of the state of our moral advancement. The decline of states and of language have been too often contemporaneous. Art, and the display of art, abounds now in almost every species of composition. The columns of the daily papers, the public speeches, in and out of parliament, all teeming with meretricious ornament, are rapidly vitiating our language, till at length the fear will not be ridiculous, that we shall one day become as inflated, hyperbolical, and unnatural, as are the worst idioms of the Asiatic nations. All now look for fine writing—and fine writing means, now-a-days, a splendid parade of imagery, an inverted and latinized style, combined with the most forced antitheses. Writers, in their fear of being thought low, have become unnatural, and vulgarly affected. We repeat what our author has so well quoted, "He that would write well," says Sir Roger Ascham, "must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think." This is profound and sterling counsel, but the misfortune is, that men of talent dare not, in these times, avail themselves of it, and that, because wealth and accident have filled the upper circles with the really vulgar, who wish to hide their pride and sordidness of soul, in finical phrase, and altisonant diction. To put this in a more forcible light, we will, following the example of our author, quote with him, from a very great writer, the following excellent and purely English passage:—"Is there a God to swear by, is there none to believe in, none to trust to?" Now this very sentence, that is such admirable English, there is no usher in our suburban academies, no English governess in our aristocratic families, who would not have corrected the pupil for bringing it before them, and the passage thus—"Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?" And, when so altered, we feel convinced that the majority of those, whom authors must please or starve, will think the alteration, according to Murray, an amendment, notwithstanding whatever the writer of the book we are noticing, and we ourselves, may say. The work before us has already a fame that will last as long as elegance and sound sense can be appreciated; and, though many of the leading writers of the day are doing their utmost to spoil our language, and introduce among us a false taste in composition, yet we trust that, if not now, our posterity, sated by such highly spiced trash, will again revert to "the wells of English, undefiled," and for depth, for purity, these letters and essays must ever stand conspicuously, as having been drawn from so pure a source.

Remains of the late James Fox Longmire, Scholar of Winchester College, Oxford. With a Memoir of his Life, by DANIEL LONGMIRE, B.A. Simpkin and Marshall, London; Parker, Oxford; Deighton, Cambridge; Curry, Dublin; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

There can be no doubt but that the poems in this volume, consecrated by fraternal affection to the memory of a beloved brother, are of a very respectable description; but we much fear that they will not earn for themselves that notoriety to which the wishes of the late author's admiring friends aspire. Almost all the walks of poetry are already closed, and those few remaining open, are closing fast against the ingress of the modern *vates*. The ground is everywhere pre-occupied. A step cannot be taken without finding some gorgeous specimen, the glory of which has been sanctified by millions, stopping up further progress. This reflection has been forced upon us by the perusal of the verses in this volume, not a copy of which, not a single specimen, that may not be said to be a direct imitation of something that we have met with before. In what estimation Mr. Longmire would have been held, had he been the first in the field, it is impossible for us to conjecture; but this we know, that it is fatal to the reputation of an author, when it can be said of his works, that "I have seen something like them that are better." The prose portions are more to our taste than the poetical. They prove that there was much mind, that wanted only study and time to mature it into excellence. This book must be invaluable amongst the circle of the author's friends, and to them we consign it, for in their remembrance it will live, though perhaps disregarded by a pre-occupied public.

The Writings of George Washington, being his Correspondence, Address, Messages, and other Papers, Official and Private, selected and published from the original manuscripts, with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By JARED SPARKS. Rich, Red Lion Square.

We should justly be deemed dead to every generous, every ennobling feeling, had we failed to have rejoiced over the appearance of this solitary volume, the harbinger of others that are to come, that will give us an ample and a correct insight into the character of the great man to whom one half of the world is so much indebted, and whose memory the other half so cordially hates. We have hitherto refrained from speaking of this public-spirited undertaking, from the slight feeling of the gaucherie of noticing a second volume of a projected work before the first has made its appearance; but, as we have now waited months, and it has not yet reached our library table, we shall hesitate no longer, but give our opinion of what we have got, and trust to time for the remainder. Of the volumes that are promised to the public, we should think that this must be, of mere necessity, the most dull, as it consists principally of official despatches, and pieces of history viewed in the detail, and therefore unsatisfactorily, when compared to a general survey of the whole subject. The private letters are interesting and precious, and show the firmness, the strength of character, and the single-heartedness of the great champion of liberty. Washington is perhaps the only honest conqueror and founder of an empire that ever existed. His love of glory was merged in his love of his country, and his philanthropy greater far than his ambition, and even his talents. The whole of the appendix attached to this volume affords excellent matter for the future historian. His

diary is most amusing, and equally instructive. We here see Cincinnatus and his plough exquisitely modernized. Ex. gra.

"February 29th. A very great circle round the moon.

"March 6th. Fitted a two-eyed plough, instead of duck-billed plough, and with much difficulty made by chariot wheel-horses plough.

"7th. Put the pole and horses in the plough this morning, and put in the postilion and hind horses in the afternoon, &c. &c.

"26th. Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention."

More than Wellington can boast.

Public Expenditure apart from Taxation; or, Remarks on the inadequate and excessive Pay of Public Servants. By D. WAKEFIELD, JUN. Charles Fox, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Wakefield has, in this his well-considered treatise, dashed at our abuses with unsparing hand. When we read and groan over his pages, we almost wish for the simplicity of despotism, as being less expensive and less ruinous to the productive classes, than our very complex machine of government, to oil even the wheels of which, so much is exacted from all, save those who profit so largely by them. It will be seen that Mr. Wakefield is no champion for economy, in the sordid sense of the word, but only as a glorious and complete principle, that prevents the ingress of abuses, and keeping man just, permits him to be generous. He has very satisfactorily shown that an overpaid salary, an undeserved pension, or the prodigality of a sinecure, are not so much evils *per se*, as they are in their calamitous effects, in opening the door to all kinds of malversation, and making demoralization so vast and so general, that honesty is fairly laughed out of countenance, and probity mocked to her very face. Strenuously does our author recommend an increase in the pay of the efficient workers of the state, the upholders of our independence, and the guardians of our glory. Were a just economy used, the pay of our army and navy might be easily doubled; thus these two arms would at once be rendered more respectable through all their grades, and thus the barbarity of impressment, and the rascality of our present mode of enlistment, would be avoided. The retrenchments recommended in this work are available to all parties, and may be carried into effect, either by Tory, Whig, or Radical. Patronage and improvidence have long been the bane of the country. We recommend this book to the study of all members of parliament, and to those whose duty it is to make them.

The Anatomy of the Bones, Joints, and Muscles, exhibiting the Parts as they appear on Dissection, and more particularly in the living Subject, as applicable to the Fine Arts. Second Edition, in Two Parts. By GEORGE SIMPSON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. J. Williams, Library of the Fine Arts, Charles Street, Soho Square.

These two parts of one undertaking need but to be seen to be appreciated. There is, indeed, there could be, nothing new in the letter-press description of what has long been known, but the details are given in a manner at once succinct and satisfactory. The lithographic plates are some of the most perfect that we have seen in that branch of the fine arts. These two volumes must not only be valuable, but almost necessary to the young student in painting. They will also be found to be very acceptable to those who make surgery their profession; for it will impress

on their memory, and tend to preserve those arrangements in their minds, which they have seen in dissection of the human body. When great utility only is the aim of the author, as it is in the instance before us, the very necessary condensation makes it almost impossible for us to expatiate largely upon the work. When we have said that it fully answers its purposes, and is elegantly performed, we have surely said enough to excite the curiosity of that portion of the public, to whom a work of this sort may be acceptable; and—what is more difficult still—to satisfy the author, provided any degree of panegyric can satisfy one of that genus irritabile.

Journal of a recent Visit to the principal Vineyards of Spain and France, with some Remarks upon the limited Quantity of the finest Wines produced throughout the World, and their consequent intrinsic Value; with Observations on the Introduction of the Vine into New South Wales. By JAMES BUSBY, Esq. Smith, Elder and Co., Cornhill.

The quantity of brandy, and that of the worst description, that is consumed under the name of wine, is almost incredible. The reader will be *au fait* by a perusal of this very useful and practical work. Mr. Busby has made a pilgrimage, and really a most satisfactory one, among the best vineyards of the continent, and has faithfully detailed what he saw. From all that we have read, we feel convinced that the art of making wine is still in its infancy, and, that notwithstanding the inspired strains of Anacreon, the ancients must have been reduced to the necessity of drinking most execrable stuff, the more especially, as we find from Martial, that they were forced to have recourse to resin, and other nauseous drugs, to do that which brandy now performs for us, in making the wines keep, and preventing an increased stock of vinegar. We are led to believe, from the observations in this valuable work, that if the Australians will call real science to their aid, and let chemistry go hand in hand with agriculture, they have a very fair chance of rivalling the productions of the old world in that immortal juice which maketh the heart glad, and the wretched to remember their misery no more.

Belgium and Holland, with a Sketch of the Revolution in the Year 1830. By PRYSE L. GORDON, Esq., Author of "A Guide to Italy," &c. &c. 2 Vols. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

There is nothing remarkable in these volumes to distinguish them from other descriptive works, excepting that the work is recent, and that it embraces accounts of all the changes that have lately taken place in the interesting countries to which they refer. It is a useful publication for the sake of reference, but the author must not be angry with us when we say, that it is rather unpleasant reading, from the excessive hardness and dryness of its style. It is, however, written, in an excellent spirit of liberality, and must be highly flattering to the nations of which it treats. There is a little anecdote that our author relates, that we cannot help transcribing for the consolation of our manufacturers. The King of Prussia wished to rival us in the production of our looms, to do which he expended vast sums of money, but, after all, so far from being able to export cloth, he could not even clothe his own army. Not being willing to acknowledge his failure, he ordered the webs from Leeds to have their selvages embroidered with the Prussian eagles.

The Stranger's Guide to Cheltenham, containing an Account of its Mineral Waters, &c. With a Description of the principal Places in its Environs. By HENRY DAVIS. Second Edition. H. Davis, Montpelier Library, Cheltenham.

This is one of the handsomest and most beautifully embellished guides that we have yet seen; and what more can be said of a work of this description? The plates, both lithographic and copper, are of a superior kind, and the binding is equal to the embellishments. But in praising the outward and visible signs of the beauty of this book, we must not omit to notice the genuine and scientific information to be met with inside. Indeed, the way the matter is treated tends to raise this kind of work in the scale of composition. The geological part leaves us nothing to wish for. All who are at Cheltenham will, of course, get the book, and the seeing it elsewhere may induce many to go to that very fashionable and serviceable watering place.

The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature. To which are added, two brief Dissertations; I. On Personal Identity; II. On the Nature of Virtue. By JOSEPH BUTLER, D.C.L., late Lord Bishop of Durham. *With a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.* Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

Every one at all versed with the divinity of our reformed religion, must be acquainted with Bishop Butler's famous work, which is made to appear so appropriately among the Sacred Classics. But if there be any of our friends who make pretensions to general reading, and are still strangers to Butler's Analogy, we entreat them to remain so no longer, as it cannot fail to impress them with the highest feelings of love and veneration for that Being to whom we owe every thing. Dr. Croly improves in richness of style, and worthily emulates the writings of the great man whom he commemorates. This is the eighth volume of the Sacred Classics, and is certainly inferior to none of its predecessors. It is an undertaking that must command success by the manner in which it is prosecuted, and is at once an ornament and a prop to religion.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Artists, comprising Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Architects, from the Earliest Ages to the present Time, interspersed with Original Anecdotes. To which is added, An Introduction, containing a Brief Account of the various Schools of Art. By JOHN GOULD. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

This is really a valuable book. The introduction is well written, and gives to the uninitiated a complete insight into the different manners of getting up a picture, which are called schools. The explanation of the terms of art, by the use of which connoisseurs so much confound the unlearned in pictures, is well given. The names of the various artists are arranged in alphabetical order, and the notices attached to them are either long or short, as they were more or less celebrated. We do not suppose that any artist would be willingly without this book, and we are sure that it ought to find a place in every library that has any pretensions to utility or extent.

Poor Laws and Paupers, illustrated. No. IV. *The Land's End, a Tale.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Charles Fox, Paternoster Row.

We have before had this lady's principles elaborated often in a more pleasing manner, and by more amusing tales. Her system is somewhat approximated by the construction of the present poor laws, and a short time only will be necessary to prove whether the harshness with which it is certain that they will visit many individuals, will be compensated by the general good that they produce. The scene of the tale before us is laid in and around the copper mines in Cornwall, and the lady contrives to pick up just sufficient technical terms to give the story an appearance of reality. But in all her fictions the *vraisemblable* is always destroyed by the characters, high and low, giving long dogmatical orations on political economy. They are all Harriet Martineaus in disguise, or almost undisguised. We wish that she would let her facts prove her theories—not her preachments. The tales would be infinitely better, and the moral made quite as striking.

The Elements of Modern Geography and General History, on a Plan entirely new; containing an accurate and interesting Description of the Countries, States, &c. in the known World, with the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants; to which are added, the Historical Notices of each Country, to the present Time, with Questions for Examination. By GEORGE ROBERTS. Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

The idea worked out, and worked out well, in this treatise, is good. We remember well, in our school-boy days, how irksome was the task of committing to memory a series of hard names that conveyed to us no ideas, and columns of latitude and longitude, that we always essayed to forget, when the task was said, with a most feverish impatience. Mr. Roberts attaches some facts, something remarkable in history, to every country that is brought under the notice of the pupil; it is, therefore, made interesting to him, and consequently retentive on the memory. We augur well of this work, and think, that when its merits have become generally known, that it will obtain, what it deserves, a very wide circulation.

Scriptural Exercises upon Scriptural Texts, and Miscellaneous Poems. By HARRIET REBECCA KING. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

The cause of the production of these verses is, we are sure, as singular as any that has ever been recorded. The author not being able to attend to the sermon, began rhyming upon the text. As the parson gave reasons the lady made rhymes; so when the service was over, if the divine went away with a sermon in his pocket, the lady retired with a poem in her head. The simplicity of the avowal is what most amuses us. It is our candid opinion that these effusions should not have been published. They all breathe the genuine spirit of piety, and such being the case, they may not be despised. As mere literary compositions, they are not bad, but beyond the kind circle of admiring friends, they ought not to have been obtruded. "The tributary lines" are the best, and yet there are two or three grievous faults in them. We must not point them out. The authoress herself will soon discover them by an attentive re-perusal.

Treatise on Steam Navigation. By ROBERT OTWAY, Lieut. R. N.
London. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This is a clear, well-written little work, which does much credit to Mr. Otway. He fully understands the subject on which he treats, and, what is more important, he has written in that plain, yet concise style, which enables those who have not his knowledge, to comprehend the matter as well as himself. This is the first elementary treatise on the steam engine which has fallen into our hands, and an elementary work on this rapidly-increasing power has long been a desideratum. The great fault of most scientific works, even when offered to the public as elementary, is, that the author being fully *au fait* to that which he treats of, thinks that every body is the same; and the consequence is, that professed elementary works, from their conciseness and skipping, if we may use the expression, from point to point, become more difficult to the comprehension of a tyro, than works even more elaborate and more scientific. It is not sufficient to be master of your subject in a work of this kind, it is also requisite to have the art of explaining to others, and in this Mr. Otway has been very successful; and has, in our opinion, conferred a benefit upon science, and to his profession, many of whom, after reading his clear explanation, will, in all probability, direct their attention to what will in future become an important feature in maritime warfare. There is one point in particular, which we will mention, in which we fully agree with Mr. Otway, which is, the advantage in every way (even in security) of the high pressure engines over those with the common square boilers. Yet how long has this improvement been repudiated in his Majesty's navy, and that by the advice of a scientific man, the engineer to the Admiralty? We know how the exertions of Captain Ray were opposed upon this point, but the reason of the opposition remains yet to be accounted for. In this little unpretending work there is much valuable information upon every point connected with the steam-engine: its fuel, mechanism, preservation of boilers, &c. and some very curious, and to us very new, remarks upon the properties of steam. Mr. Otway has proved how well qualified he is to have the command of a steam vessel; and, at the same time, has liberally imparted his knowledge to every one, so as to render them in time equally competent. The work ought to be supplied to every ship in his Majesty's navy; and the best steam vessel in his Majesty's service ought to be given to Mr. Otway for the service which he has rendered to the profession, and the community at large.

Life of the Prince Talleyrand. Accompanied with a Portrait. ANON.
2 vols. Edward Churton, Holles Street, (late Bull and Churton.)

This is a detestable work. We fervently hope, for the honour of human nature, that the writer, or the originator, for we have some doubt if they be one and the same, has been deeply injured by the prince, and is his implacable, personal enemy; for that alone would be some miserable palliation for the vileness of the attack. But if it be the offspring of spontaneous malignancy, we can only say that it is a gloomy specimen of the depreciation of the morals of the nineteenth century. Were all these accusations, that the writer offers for facts, true,—shame, modesty, and the respect that every man ought to owe to our common nature, should have withheld him from publishing them; but they carry in themselves a *primâ facie* assurance that they are maliciously false, and nothing but the most besotted credulity could listen to them for a moment. The prince was always too wise to be so uselessly and gratuitously wicked. Let not the person, if any such there be, who, caring little for truth, seeks,

only to administer to the pruriency of a depraved appetite, think that he will find a treat in the villanies recorded in these volumes. He will be disappointed: we never before could have conceived that so much dullness could have been combined with so much malice. To get through this book was a labour of weariness and unchanging disgust. The reading is about as dull and as irksome as perusing the page of a dictionary, printed in a miserably bad type. We trust that the very respectable publisher has embarked no property in this speculation upon the evil propensities of the public.

De la Macy. A Tale of Real Life. 2 vols. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

In a dedication to Mr. Bulwer, the author tells him and the world, that this novel is a maiden attempt, and that he is himself young. The avowal was injudicious to the indiscriminating, and unnecessary to the judge. There has been much cant about the cruelty of crushing the young flower in the bud, of destroying genius in the germ, &c. All this is nonsense. A harsh criticism never destroyed real talent. It is only powerful because the young flower should have remained in the bud, or the germ of genius should have waited to gather more strength, before it put itself forth. When this is the case, (and it *is* the case in the present instance,) a severe critique comes like a cold but friendly March wind, and represses, rudely perhaps, but in the end very beneficially, the too ambitious literary plant, that has made its appearance over soon—perhaps, it is so weakly and so insignificant, that it ought not to have attempted an appearance at all. We do not think that Mr. Lomas comes under the latter predicament; but he is certainly under the former. The outline of the tale is harsh, and the story improbable. If it be founded on fact, he has had the pernicious talent to make it appear false. The principal incident, indeed almost the only one, is barely possible; and to make it so, there must be such a combination of villany and folly in all parties, that the present age will not tolerate even in fiction. The concluding parts are in opposition to all tact in writing; besides, the style throughout is ambitious, yet ever stumbling. The thing is a failure. Some ten years hence, with much reading, much industry, and much observation, taking also to himself some really friendly counsellor—why then, we should think, that he may be capable of writing such a work as Lytton Bulwer may not blush to have dedicated to him.

Letters from India, during a Journey in the British Dominions of India, Lahore, and Cashmere, during the Years 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831. Undertaken by Order of the French Government. By VICTOR JAQUEMOT, Travelling Naturalist to the Museum of Natural History, Paris. *Accompanied with a Map of India, and a Portrait of the Author.* 2 vols. Edward Churton, Holles Street, (late Bull and Churton.)

These are two most attractive volumes, brilliant with that vivacity and joyousness of heart so peculiarly and so amiably French. Several intelligent gentlemen have passed over the same ground, and nearly by the same route, and have, like Monsieur Jacquemot, given an account of their peregrinations to the public; yet, and it shocks our national vanity when we say it, there are none that we have read pleases us so much as this. Our other travellers, learned, useful, and enterprising though

they be, are a little too didactic: they are so wise that they have scarcely time to be witty; and hence they have hung so few pleasing garlands upon the trophies that they have raised. What most pleases us in these volumes, is the hearty and amiable spirit which the author evinces for, and by which he has done justice to, the British authorities ruling in India. He acknowledges the beneficent sway of our government, which has plucked from the most revolting and iron sway so many millions of human beings. He, like us, advocates an extension of that sway purely on the grounds of humanity. Every one should read this work; but a very few of its pages will convince the most fastidious that they have got a treat before them of the very highest order. In all sincerity, we think this the very best book that treats of the same subject, and we have perused many. It has our most cogent recommendation.

Octavia Elphinstone, a Manx Story; and Lois, a Drama, founded on a Legend of the Noble Family of——. By MISS ANNE TALLANT. 2 Vols. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

In this venal and puffing age, praise may well be looked upon with suspicion, and censure be thought to be as often the stab of envy, or the ruse of self interest, as the just dictum of criticism. Without pretending to be more just, or more high-minded than our contemporaries, we cannot help doing ourselves the justice of asserting, and also of repeating our assertions at due intervals, that we have none of the motives to partiality that must influence those connected more or less with the publishing trade. Our periodical is *our own*, and we have no interest to conciliate, or dictation to obey. Moreover, and we rather regret it, we stand in a great measure aloof from all literary cliques. We do not hear beforehand the gossip of prejudice, and we are influenced by the prestiges of no party. The work comes before us as a British subject to his trial, with no other recommendations than that which itself bears about it. Incompetent we may be, but partial, never. Having premised thus, we will speak of the volumes before us. The Manx tale we think to be delightful, and rich with a merit of which perhaps the author is not aware, and deserves a praise at which she did not aim. We allude to its beautiful candour. It opens to us all the sweet intricacies of the female heart; its refined failings are displayed before us, and all its elegant weaknesses detailed one by one, with a fidelity at once amusing and instructive. From the girlish coquetry of the boarding-school, to the more designing manœuvres of the woman, all is faithfully described; and we see the innermost springs of the mind. This work is peculiarly feminine—consequently, peculiarly attractive. The hinges upon which the events turn are so natural, and so level to the female capacity, yet so trifling withal, that we smile when we read, and applaud whilst we smile. It would be wrong to have made a romance of this description turn upon grand and startling incidents, but the author shows infinite art by creating them, from apparently the most common-place causes. There is a rich denouement worked out, with some grand and beautiful situations, merely from the caprice and waywardness of a spoiled child. The whole forms a high moral lesson of self-controul. There is a *naïveté* running through the whole, that makes the narrative buoyant at all times, and often joyous. It is not witty, but it is lighted up uniformly by a steadier flame. The pathetic parts are deepened with a true feeling. The work is one of no common order, and must succeed. The drama is but a crude performance, including many beauties, but over-elaborated, and written for the most part in very equivocal and tuneless blank verse.

The Angler in Ireland; or, an Englishman's Ramble through Connaught and Munster, during the Summer of 1833. Two Vols. ANON. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

This is the production of a warm-hearted, right-thinking, gentlemanly individual, who, travelling with the best securities for finding pleasure, good-humour, and good taste, has been eminently successful. He has had also the tact to communicate much of that satisfaction to his readers, that he himself enjoyed, though his volumes smell as little of the lamp, notwithstanding his classical quotations, as any we have ever read. It is a tissue of elegant gossip, and, in a very unpretending style, conveys much valuable information, and displays many generous feelings. It will be curious to compare the peregrinations of Cobbett—for he will publish them undoubtedly—with the volumes before us. Our author seems to have a most intense relish for all that is grand and beautiful in nature, coupled with the happy capability of conveying his ardent feelings to others. Indeed, he is no little an enthusiast; and, when we come to view him in his character of an angler, we shall find still stronger reasons to come to the same conclusion. For ourselves, we are much wanting in the piscatory developement. The angler's line is not our line, we will not be subjugated to his rod, and, if we must patronize a reel, it shall not be at the butt-end of a long stick. Fly-fishing! hem! Well, well, we must not quarrel with diversities of taste. We, who have seen a whale harpooned, and have assisted in hauling in a troll of half-a-mile sweep in the channel, of course have the tastes of a poacher in the eyes of an accomplished angler. Grant the piscatory passion to be a commendable one, and this is a book indeed! We recommend it earnestly to all the lovers of the angle. We hope that we express ourselves technically, though a little mathematically. The simple gravity with which all the minutia are detailed, what flies tempted, what hooks pierced the finny fools,—who could, and who could not tie the gaudy rubbish called a fly; and then the official return of the killed! What are Napoleon's most sounding bulletins to all this! Here are deeds and doings for the hanger-on of streams and brooks to gloat on. And then the author, as kind-hearted a gentleman, we'll be sworn, as ever tortured a salmon to death, met in his journeyings one act of treachery—but one—but then that was tremendous. Was he robbed by his guide? Worse. Did some rascally innkeeper attempt to poison him first, in order to plunder him after? Worse, worse. Did his bosom friend, taking advantage of absence, in the language of Mr. Phillips, steal into his domestic fane, like the Ephesian incendiary, &c. &c. &c.? Worse, worse, worse. A brother angler promised to take him at 3 A. M. to fish a certain pool, and the traitor got up at half-past two, and robbed him of the cream of the sport. There was a villany! We certainly, in this sinning world, meet with heart-withering acts of atrocity.

But in all sobriety of remark, we do not hesitate to say, that these volumes must be pleasing to all classes, whilst to the tourist, and the thorough angler, they must be invaluable. We would be almost content to learn fly-fishing, could we have this pleasant author for our teacher and our companion.

The last Days of Pompeii. By the Author of "Eugene Aram," "Pelham," &c. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

Our notice of this splendid production will be short; bursts of admiration are necessarily so. In this work we see genius speaking in her most

triumphant language. She has placed tongues in the dead of centuries, and they enchant us. She has disinterred whole populations, and now they breathe, move, and act before us. This work should be first read with that rapidity that intense interest imperatively demands; again leisurely, that its poetical and moral beauties may sink deeply into the heart; and still again, it should be perused with the slow progress of study, that its deep philosophy may be understood, and that the divine wisdom it contains may be discovered in its dark places. All that we can say, and we could not speak more to the purpose, were we to occupy pages is, read—read—read.

The Lyre and Sword of Charles Theodore Körner, with a Life of the Author, and Extracts from his Letters. Translated from the German. By W. B. CHORLEY. Hamilton and Adams, London; Maples and Co., Liverpool.

This is a golden, satin bound little manual of poetry and patriotism, that all who love one and feel the other should possess. Körner was a young and enthusiastic spirit, who wrote, fought, and died, to repel one tyranny, in order to establish another still more hateful. Indeed, death may be looked upon, for him, as a merciful dispensation. With his glowing feelings and frantic love of freedom, had he not fallen by Napoleon's troops, it is not improbable he would have afterwards died on the scaffold, or pined away his life in hopeless confinement. How the heart sickens in reading his glowing odes of Fatherland, Freeland, Ourland, and patriotism, whilst Austria and Prussia lie like incubi over the states and nations that were so prodigal of their blood, to break for those powers the chains of Napoleon's glorious slavery. Oh! was it not a glorious thralldom compared to the mean and petty despotisms under which the Germans now groan? But we are thinking of politics when we should be writing on poetry. As to the poems we have here, without casting the slightest blame on the translation, we must say that they appear to disadvantage,—perhaps the task to give their true breathings and spirit is an impossible one. However they are still beautiful enough to make every bosom warm with the best feelings, and we wish that they may become as popular in England, as the originals deservedly are in Germany.

Faustus, a Tragedy; translated from the German of Göethe. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court.

The numerous translations that have appeared of this wonderful production, prove two very pleasing things, that German literature is relished and appreciated in this country, and that there is much true poetical feeling existing among us. This translation is a proof of the latter. However we are sorry that the translator has made any omissions; in the first place, by so doing he will only excite a prurient curiosity, and give to them a greater importance than they would otherwise obtain; and, in the second place, it is hardly doing justice to the author translated. We assure our readers, that those omitted parts are, if viewed in the right light, neither so profane, nor so impious, as many well-meaning people may suppose, and that they are strictly in accordance with the Bible-history; levity is the only charge that can be fairly brought against them. We, however, highly as we think of this translation, still cannot help, for all purposes, both of pleasure and of instruction, preferring the

prose one, by Hayward. The versification of the one before us is smooth, and the spirit of the original is tenaciously preserved. The scene of Margaret with the evil spirit is most terrifically yet beautifully given. To our sense it is, and always must be, one of the sublimest passages in any language. We hope that this translation may meet with the circulation that it deserves.

Egypt and Mohamed Ali; or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. 2 Vols. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, Paternoster Row.

A more opportune, a more valuable, or a better written book it has not, for long, been our good fortune to read. Its massive appearance, in two volumes, made us, in the first instance, almost flinch from grappling with apparently so heavy a work, containing more than one thousand two hundred pages, but the reading of a few of them convinced us that our journey would be pleasant, as it would necessarily be long; indeed, long as the number of pages might seem to indicate it, when we had finished it, we found it all too short. Egypt, and the affairs in the East, become every day of more vital importance, to us inhabiting the far European West. And it must be soon a matter of political vitality to us, to know whether it be the best policy to strengthen the hands, and uphold the empire of our ancient ally, the Turk, or to encourage and extend the infant kingdom of Egypt, now recovering from the effects of its long, and venerable second childhood, in order, in some manner, to preserve the balance of power in the Mediterranean and on Euxine shores, and thus erect an available barrier against the encroachments of northern rapacity. Already may Russia say, in the language of Holy Writ, that Persia is my wash-pot, and Turkey my footstool. Would it not be well, then, to make Egypt her stumbling-block? But this is a matter that we cannot discuss in a short literary notice. This work is published in the form of a diary, and it is evident that we get the author's thoughts and feelings warm from the brain, and in the excitement of the moment. The advantages derived from a perusal of this work are manifold: in the first place, the country with all its grand features of scenery, and the picturesque and motley inhabitants, are made to pass before the eyes, as if they were represented in a moving panorama. But not only is the surface of the country thus pleasantly laid before the reader, but he is taken into the bowels of that ancient earth, and all its mystic wonders are displayed, its palaces for the dead, its instructive tombs, its mummies, and its interminable caverns. The Egyptians must have been a burrowing nation. There are some new views elucidated as to the purport for which the pyramids were erected—we think them just. They appear to have originated from the same motive, and for the same ends, as did the erection of the Phallic towers in Ireland. That they were neither intended for granaries, nor mausoleums, nor receptacles of hidden treasures, Mr. St. John very satisfactorily proves. Indeed, we unhesitatingly come to the same conclusion as he does, and we heartily thank him for enlightening us on the subject. The consideration of the present state of the people subjected to the domination of Ali, affords us nothing but melancholy speculations—and should he be compelled to prosecute his military career, we feel assured, that in that quarter, all the elements of society must shortly be dissolved. The taking to himself the property of the entire soil of the country, was a bold, and would have been a very beneficial measure, had he remitted every other tax and impost. We cannot extend our remarks, but earnestly recommend this work to the general perusal: we do not know any class that will not be benefited by it, and we know that all classes will be amused.

The Collected Poems of the late R. T. Carrington. Edited by his Son, H. E. CARRINGTON. Longman and Co., London.

These two volumes are no more than are due to the public, which will fully appreciate their worth, and the spirit of filial piety that has sent them forth. The author, now no more, has already a reputation that cannot be shaken by the invidious, and which will increase as his works become more familiar with the reading world. As our opinion of his poetry exactly coincides with that of his son, we are sure that he will not charge us with indifference to his father's merits, when we say that the character of by far the greater portion of his poetry is as purely descriptive, as it is possible for such poetry to be. On the workings of the mind he therein touches but seldom and briefly. His epic odes are, nevertheless, strikingly beautiful, and, together with his isolated poems on moral life, sufficiently prove that he possesses, in a high degree, the power of painting effective pictures of human thought and action. His writings frequently breathe an air of chastened sadness, and with reference to this, one of his most able critics has said, "Mr. Carrington's muse is the spirit of melancholy." This is partially true, but it must, at the same time be observed, that there is no querulous weakness in the passages which are tinged by the feelings of depression under which they were written. This production does honour both to father and son.

Tales of a Physician. 2 Vols. By W. H. HARRISON. Henry Washbourne, Salisbury Square.

Some of these tales may be truly called literary gems, although we affect not the phrase. Gems, we are sure they will produce, but they will be liquid ones—tears must be the accompaniment, if the reader has yet left to him any young feelings to be acted upon. The tales are not of equal interest; yet, to say so, is but a common-place remark, and the miracle would be if they were so. But what we mean to infer is, that without any of them being indifferent, there is a great range of merit among them, up to actual excellence. One great recommendation of these volumes is, that they may be safely put into the hands of the most strictly and piously educated, for they are not only intensely interesting, but also beautifully moral. They would make admirable presents, from the mother to the daughter, or in any case where it was the object greatly to oblige and amuse, without running the risk of exciting an idea at which a virgin might blush, or displaying a thought which an angel might hesitate to avow.

The Works of the Rev. Richard Watson. Vol. XV. *Containing the Life of the Author.* By THOMAS JACKSON. John Moore, City Road and Paternoster Row.

This is a very interesting biography of the learned and pious individual, who so completely devoted his life, and all his life's best energies, to make his fellow men good here, and happy hereafter. Though not of the persuasion of the talented and conscientious man here commemorated, we know how to value erudition when we meet with it, and to honour disinterested zeal, as it was shown through the whole course of this enviable man's life. The work is well written, and well compiled, for it is a

union both of compilation and composition, which does credit to Mr. Jackson. This volume must be held in high estimation by those to whom it is more particularly addressed, and we are convinced that no Christian, whatever may be the inflexion of his faith, can read it without interest, or lay it down without improvement.

English Prisoners in France; containing Observations on their Manners and Habits, principally with Reference to their Religious State, during Nine Years' Residence at the Dépôts of Fontainebleau, Verdun, Givet, and Valenciennes. By the Rev. R. B. WOLFE, Chaplain. Hatchard and Son, 187, Piccadilly.

In whatever point we may be inclined to view this unpretending work, we shall find it admirable. Without any of the aids of meretricious ornament of language, the bare facts in which this book has originated are eminently beautiful. We see nearly two thousand brave, but wild spirits, reckless, intemperate, and suffering physically on account of their mental dissipation, admonished, reclaimed, and ultimately ruled, to their own temporal and eternal happiness, by the simple exhortations of one benevolent and pious man. Were there no other inducement to men to become religious, mere civil polity should incline them to it, seeing what blessings it brings in its train. As a bare history of surprising events, and a strange and anomalous state of society, the volume is very entertaining. It is replete also with anecdotal interest, and, in its proper place, the emperor of half the European world makes his singular and observed appearance. We know not whether this work has obtained a wide circulation; it deserves it, for it fully proves how very far, and with what spiritual efficacy, but a small light will shine, when the flame has been obtained at the pure source of revealed religion.

Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. By the Author of "Vathek." 2 Vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street.

These volumes give a vivid description of the state of the countries enumerated in the title page, nearly fifty years ago. In this spirited work there is food for all classes, and for every variety of mind. The author appears to have travelled with all the glorious pomp and circumstance of wealth, and to have had the doors of palaces, the most recherches thrown open to him, not excepting those of royalty itself, by the most flattering introductions from the most influential persons. In fact, these travels, for the work might be appropriately so termed, were only in the highest walks, and kings, queens, and princesses, become as familiar to the reader as household words. There is much of the most polished, and the most cutting satire throughout the whole, yet a highly refined, sometimes sensual, and sometimes spiritualized feeling, breaks forth at almost every page. He is a nice observer of mankind, as well as a searching one. Though he sees at once the pravity of most of those with whom he comes in contact, it does not prevent him from observing, also, the more delicate shades of character, that will appear in every one, and a little redeem, or at least throw a glitter over, the more startling vices. The book is a history. Every thing, but the almost immutable face of the countries he visited, is changed. Customs, institutions, even dynasties have passed away. The man of reflection, and the politician, knows what now is—let him compare it with what was half a century ago—and, to enable him to do so properly, he cannot have a better manual than this

talented publication. In these volumes there are many highly-wrought scenes, hit off in a masterly manner; indeed, there is nothing elaborated about the work. The author, at times, seems to disdain his occupation of writing, yet his style cuts cleanly and smoothly at one blow, and the most polished and laborious attempts of the literary file cannot equal the effect. He must have enjoyed his travels, and his life at that period, with a zest that we fear may have given either an insipidity to the rest of his existence, or an irritation for excitement that those who plod through the weary vale of every-day life, would neither comprehend nor desire.

The Metropolitan Ecclesiastical Directory; or, a Guide to the principal Churches, Chapels, &c. in London and its Environs. With the Hours of Service, Remarks on the Preachers, and some Account of the Buildings. By the Editor of the "CABINET ANNUAL REGISTER." J. Hurst, St. Paul's Church Yard.

A very useful work, indeed, as far as it goes. The omissions are the majority, to use a solecism of speech. We wish to see a publication on this plan complete; and if done with the same impartiality and discrimination as is this specimen, the book would be sure to have a great circulation.

Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the Use of Students in Mathematics, Astronomers, Surveyors, Engineers, and Navigators, &c. &c., with an Explanation of the Tables, illustrated by numerous Problems and Examples. Second Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. By WILLIAM GALBRAITH, M. A. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, and Norie and Co., London.

This is a work for the studious few, who keeping much apart from the world, superintend, as it were, its highest, and most recondite affairs. It is not necessary that even a well-educated man should be deeply mathematical; yet much of the abstruse studies, treated of in this volume, were forced upon our consideration in our nautical career. We may be pronounced, therefore, capable of speaking as to the excellence and practical utility of these tables. They should accompany every officer, who is compelled to make long voyages.

The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 8 Vols. Vol. VII. James Cochran and Co. Waterloo Place.

This, the seventh volume, is wholly occupied by the Letters of Burns, and they form, in themselves, a most animated biography of the poet. From these we gather how dreadfully imprudent he was as to worldly concerns. The short commentaries by the editor are very instructive, and the volume owes much of its perfection to his care.

Truth's Triumph. A Poem on the Reformation. By C. B. BOND. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

This short poem is very superior. Had not the author so much strained at originality, it would have been still better; this unnatural effort has produced, it must be confessed, a few ridiculous lines. There is a majesty and a grandeur in simplicity that are too often neglected. It is so much more easy to be fine than to be natural.

Casket of American and European Gems, selected from American and European Authors of the present Day. John Reid, Glasgow; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittaker and Co. London.

We are much pleased to observe this literary fraternity, and to find so amiably placed, side by side, the productions of the two great nations. The selections are certainly good; on the English side they perhaps might have been better. We have no room to specify any of the various extracts; but can assure our friends that it is a very pleasing and readable volume, that can be taken up and laid down with pleasure, though the praise contained in the latter part of the sentence may sound somewhat enigmatical.

British Calendar; or, Almanac for the Year 1835, &c. &c. Gilbert and Co. Paternoster Row.

We have been requested by the publishers to notice this chronicle of the forthcoming year, and, as we are the politest of editors, though the price of the book be only sixpence, and it is enveloped in a wrapper of the most doubtful of colours, we shall certainly comply. It is an Almanac of many utilities and many omissions, infinitely better than that of the learned Dr. Moore, physician, which the stamp act so long forced upon us, and will, perhaps, after all, prove the best published at the same low price.

Valpy's History of England, by Hume and Smollett, with a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D. Vol. IX. Valpy, Red Lion Court.

The engravings in this volume are of a superior order; it also contains a short biography of Smollett, and carries the English history down to the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne. We cannot, by any possibility, have more to say on this work, than that it maintains its character for utility and excellence of getting up, and does great credit to the spirited undertakers of so national a work.

The Ethical Magazine. Nos. V. and VI. Groombridge, Panyer's Alley, Paternoster Row.

We are pleased that our prognostics concerning the success of this little magazine have been verified, and still more so, that that success has not induced any falling off in the merits of its literature, which continue to deserve our full approbation. John Clare has contributed a natural picture of humble life, called, "The Cottager;" and "The desultory Chapter on Flowers" is worthy its delicate and beautiful subject. We are again happy in being able to recommend this cheap and interesting magazine to the notice of our readers.

Poems. By WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE. William Pickering, Chancery Lane, London.

All these poems are good, many of them attaining to excellence. But, alas! for the author, this is not the age for poetry. The world is too busy to take much heed of the gentle songs of the inspired. There must be something eccentric to excite duly the public attention. That something this little volume does not possess.

Reformed Parliament, Songs for the Many, and New Words to Old Tunes. By Two of the People. Steil, Paternoster Row.

There is every thing in these little poems but good writing. Good feeling, good spirit, good ideas, but execrable versification. Without waiting till we see more decided proofs of genius in "Two of the People," we would, in all kindness, entreat them not to lose their time in adding two more names to the already overgrown host of writers who so tumultuously throng the high road of mediocrity.

Scenes from Parisian Life. First Series. Ferragus, Chief of the Devorans, translated from the French of M. DE BALZAC. Fraser, Regent Street.

This tale appeared some eighteen months ago, in one of the French magazines, the "Revue de Paris," we believe, and excited much of our attention at the time. It is a singularly wild story, and blends much of the improbable with the true, the natural, and the real. The translation is well done, and we think the volume will be very acceptable to the English reader. There are many more much better, and more exciting tales of the same author, that have attained great celebrity in Paris. We presume that we shall see them all in due time, among the series that are promised to the public.

The History of France in Question and Answer, arranged in Centuries, Lives, and Houses, with Consorts and Children, contemporaries in England, Germany, Spain, and the Papacy; Historical Events, Discoveries, and Improvements, with the Character of each Sovereign. By SARAH RANSON. Darton and Harvey, Gracechurch Street.

As this elementary volume keeps the promise held out in the title-page, we can safely pronounce it a good work, and excellently calculated for the purposes for which it is written. Were we to dilate upon the subject for pages we could not recommend it more than we have done, so we dismiss it to its honourable course of utility.

THE ANNUALS.

Several of these beautiful specimens of talent are already lying on our table. We had surmised that their day, like most other productions, would be soon over; and that after so much had been done, they would, of necessity, deteriorate, and one by one pass away. This, however, if we may judge by those of 1834, now before us, is not yet likely to be the case; indeed, from their assuming a new feature, we think that they are likely to become a more staple periodical. We refer to the very judicious plan adopted by some of them, of having the letter-press of such importance and interest as to be worthy of being received into a library, independent of the embellishments, which are in themselves of great value. When we consider what encouragement these splendid works

afford to the various branches of art and manufacture, we trust that they may outlive us. In the first specimens brought out, the letter-press, which was never very good, was written to suit the engravings, the work was desultory, and in most cases, unsatisfactory. The engravings were their principal charm, and persuaded the public to purchase. Now we have in some of them letter-press equal to the engravings. So much with regard to the *Annuals* generally: we now will notice them in detail.

Jennings's Landscape Annual. Jennings, Cheapside.

This beautiful work is edited by T. Roscoe, Esq., and contains a spirited and interesting history of the Fall of Granada. Without the embellishments, this well-written episode in history would be worth not only perusal, but a niche in any gentleman's library. The engravings are, naturally, views in Spain; and more wild and romantic, and we may say here and there, more sublime, delineations of nature, we never looked upon. Those which more peculiarly strike us are, Granada from the banks of Xeul, the Vermilion Tower, Gaucin, and the Hall of Judgment; but all the engravings are very fine, and we trust that the spirited publisher will have the success which he deserves.

Heath's Picturesque Annual. Scott and Scotland. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row.

This Annual is edited by Leitch Ritchie, Esq., which is quite sufficient to support the character of the letter-press. The embellishments are by George Cattermole, and are very excellent, most of them being *interiors*. And here we have a strong proof that *Annuals* are becoming of more intrinsic value than before. All the engravings represent some passage in the novels and romances of Sir Walter Scott; so that any one who is (and who is not?) fond of embellishing the works of that great man, will here obtain twenty-one beautiful plates to insert into his copies, when the Annual shall have laid a sufficient time upon the drawing-room table. If the plan of this, and the Annual already mentioned, be followed up, there can be no doubt of their future success. The engravings of Melrose Abbey, Glendearry, the Escape of Mary Queen of Scots, from Lochleven, and West Bow, Edinburgh, are those which most detained us on our inspection of this beautiful work.

Oriental Annual. Bull and Churton, Holles Street.

This Annual has already appeared once, and, we believe, with great success. It is the intention of the publisher to make it a valuable reference and interesting work upon the East Indies, to be carried on from year to year. The first, which appeared last year, described Madras, the present volume contains a description of Calcutta, and the next will be allotted to Bombay. When the presidencies have been described, it will then proceed to other parts of India; and surely in so vast and interesting a field, it never will be at a loss for subjects. The letter-press is by the Rev. H. Caunter, and the engravings from the drawings of that well-known artist, Mr. Daniell. They are very fine, particularly those of the Rhinoceros and the Boa Constrictor. The Favourite of the Harem is also delicately touched; but although we consider the different views

in India very excellent, we rather think, as well as our memory serves us, that in that point the Annual of last year was superior. As it is, however, only from memory, we think we may be mistaken. The work itself is excellent, and an honour to our country, as well as the two preceding. We challenge the French to get up any thing like these three works which we have now mentioned.

Friendship's Offering. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

We now enter upon a review of some works of minor size, but not of minor merit, when the difference of price is taken into consideration. The editor does not here make himself public, but the authors of the various pieces which the work contains, are of that literary reputation which is sufficient to stamp a sterling value upon the letter-press. We have Barry Cornwall, Inglis, Mary Howitt, author of "Puritan's Grave," Pringle, author of "Truckleborough Hall," Miss Mitford, Mr. St. John, and many others, which we wish we could find space to mention, but surely the above bill of fare is sufficient for an epicure. The engravings are also of great merit; they are, generally speaking, so clear and sunny. We trust that friendship abounds in old England, and that many of these little books will be offered up at its shrine.

The Amulet. Westley and Davis, Stationers' Hall Court, Ave Maria Lane.

We are almost—no, we never will be tired of praise, when we feel that it is deserved—and it is a pleasure to find that we can laud a whole family. This is another of the younger daughters of the Annuals, edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. This, like the "Friendship's Offering," is one of the annuals bedecked, after the old fashion, with various contributions. We have the author of "Corn Law Rhymes," a radically good poet. Mrs. S. C. Hall, Barry Cornwall, Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Charles Gore, Miss Mitford, Ettrick Shepherd, Miss Pardoe, Mr. Banin, and many others; and, to crown the whole, *L. E. L.* The engravings are good; indeed, were we to be asked which to choose, this annual, or the "Friendship's Offering," we could not decide. The public must decide for themselves, by buying *both*.

Juvenile Forget Me Not. Ackerman, Strand.

This is what its title designates, a work written for the amusement and instruction of young persons. Mrs. Hemans, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Hall, Miss Pardoe, and many others of equal merit, have not disdained to lend their assistance to this little compilation. We put it into the hands of a little girl who deserved it, and she told us that Jenny Careless, and Jane Careful, the Lucky Sixpence, and the Ghost Story, were the prettiest. We ourselves were particularly pleased with the Dying Boy, by F. G. Elliott. It is a work admirably suited for the purpose for which it has been given to the public.

Comic Offering. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

We should really, although not much of a craniologist, like to feel Miss Sheridan's bumps; we have an idea that there must be something very

odd in her conformation. There must be a very strange twist in her brain, for she twists every thing into the ridiculous. We think her Offering of this year infinitely better than any of the preceding; and we like the style of engraving better. Of the various laughable productions contained in this volume, we really feel it difficult, or rather we feel it almost unfair, to mention any in preference to the others; but we will venture to say, that those from Miss Sheridan's own pen, the Breaker, by the author of "Absurdities," and the contributions of Mr. Henry W. Challis, whose verses display an originality and humour, please us the most. Witness the "Visit to the Poultry," with its accompanying illustration, (by the author,) of "Tasting the *Home Brood*." The "Specimens of *Kitchen Stuff*," as Mr. Challis calls them, in his "Selections from the Papers of a Maid of All-Work," are also capital. Mrs. Abdy is likewise amusing in her contributions; and the "Fisher Poet," is droll and laughable. Among the embellishments we may notice "Short Waits," and the "Portrait of the Gentleman so ugly as to be afraid to sleep by himself," both of which are very good. We quote the following as it is suitable for the present season.

GUY FAUX; OR, NO POPERY.

BY HENRY W. CHALLIS, ESQ.

ON Guy Faux day, alas! in every street
 I recognize
 Boys bearing *Guys*; and, long before we meet,
 I mark their *guise*!
 My favourite garden stripping as they please,
 These bonfire thieves,
 First "take their *cnor*" about my choicest *trees*,
 Then, take their leaves;
 Guns, crackers, pistols! how my courage fails
 At such night-sports!
 With *rockets* too, plague take their *high-flown tales*
Raising reports!
 Even my household heed not aught I say,
 They've no alarms!
 I once *discharged all hands*—'twas vain, for they
Discharged their arms!
 Were I a magistrate, I'd stop such men,
 (Boobies may scoff,)
 I'd take away their *fireworks*, and then,
 I'd *let them off*.
 For I'm assured such *firings* only tend
 Misery to bring:
 I know what it will tend to in the end,
 They'll come to—*SWING*!

But there is variety to please all humours and all tastes, and we hope that the sale of Miss Sheridan's "Wag-on of Fun," will be rapid as the "Surprise" and "Wonder" coaches, which bring her "Comic Offering" down to the eager inhabitants of Brighton.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Recollections of the Eighteenth Century, from the French of the Marchioness de Crequy. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
 Cruden's Concordance of the Old and New Testament. By A. Chalmers, F.S.A., new edition, 2*1s.*
 Crutwell's Original Housekeeper's Account Book for 1835. 4to. 2*s.*
 Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Third Series, Vol. XXIV., 1*l.* 10*s.* bds., or 1*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* hf.-bd. Russia.
 Philip Van Artevelde. By Henry Taylor. Second edition, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.*
 A View of the present State of the Scilly Islands, with an Appendix corrected to 1833. By the Rev. G. Woodley. 8vo. 8*s.*
 Appendix to the above. 2*s.*
 Laennec on the Diseases of the Chest. New edition, by John Forbes, M.D., with Plates, 18*s.*
 Hours of Thought, in Prose and Verse, dedicated to Mrs. Cornwall Barry Wilson. 1*s.*
 One Step further in Stenography. By L. W. Tear. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
 S. G. Lenny's Man of Business. New edition, square, 3*s.* 6*d.*
 Rev. R. B. Paul's Antiquities of Greece. Second edition, 12mo. 7*s.*
 On the Motion of Points, the Second Part of a New Edition of a Treatise on Dynamics. By W. Whewell, M.A. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
 Tylney Hall. By Thomas Hood. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
 Nuts to Crack. By the Author of "Facetiæ Cantabrigienses." 12mo. 7*s.*
 Book of the Reformed Parliament, being a Synopsis of the Votes to August 1834. By R. Gooch, Esq. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
 Kidd's Useful Library; or, Invalid's Companion. 18mo. 6*s.*
 Kidd's Domestic Library; or, Family Adviser. 18mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
 The Ladies' Oracle; or, Complete Nursery Book. 1*s.* 6*d.*
 Burton's Compendium of the Law of Real Property. Third Edition, 8vo. 20*s.*
 The Musical Gem for 1834. 4to. 15*s.*
 The Wife's Book; or, the Marriage Present. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth; or 5*s.* silk.
 Freeman's Farmer's Account-Book. Cheap edition, 4to. 5*s.*
 Memoirs of Mrs. H. More. 4 vols. post 8vo. Second edition, 36*s.*
 Anne Grey. Edited by the Author of "Granby." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
 Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare and others, for Deer-stealing. post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*
 Helen, a Tale; a new edition. By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
 Christmas Tales. By W. H. Harrison. With Plates, 18mo. 6*s.*
 Goldsmith's Natural History. New edition, by Macloc. 12mo. 6*s.*
 A Series of Charts, delineating the Rise and Progress of the Christian Dispensation, from Mempris's Historical Chart. 4to. 3*s.* 6*d.*
 Key to the above. 8vo. 2*s.*
 A Treatise on the Nature of Cholera. By S. Brougham. post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
 The Keepsake for 1835, 21*s.* silk; large paper, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* silk.
 Poems. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. Second Series, crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
 The Young Man's Companion in the World, pointing, by Anecdote and Example, to its Vices and Virtues. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lady Morgan's new Novel is in the press and will appear forthwith, thus answering to the public call that has long demanded from her ladyship another specimen in that species of composition in which she so eminently excels. This work will add to all the riches of a most brilliant imagination, facts for the historian, and many new views for the philosopher.

Sir William Gell's New Work, "The Topography of Rome and its Vicinity," is now on the eve of publication. This important work, which has occupied the learned author several years, will set at rest many of those questions which have perplexed inquiry in Roman History. It will also be invaluable as a Guide to the Antiquities of Rome and its Vicinity. The Map, which is the most elaborate that has ever appeared, is on a large scale from a Trigonometrical Survey.

The new novel, by Miss Pardoe, whose Traits and Sketches of Portugal were so generally appreciated, is to be entitled, "The Mardens and the Daventrys."

"Young Hearts," a Tale, which is to appear under the sanction of Miss Jane Porter, will be ready early in the ensuing month.

A Translation of the last work of the celebrated Schlegel on the Philosophy of History, is just completed, and will appear forthwith.

A new Edition, corrected throughout from the personal communications of the Nobility, of Mr. Lodge's Peerage for 1835, is nearly ready.

The New Series of the O'Hara Tales is advancing towards completion. The publication will probably take place about the middle of November. The long interval which has elapsed since the last series of popular Tales appeared, will, no doubt, cause the present to be looked forward to with considerable expectation.

Previous to her leaving England, Mrs. Jameson left in the hands of her Publishers the corrected Copy for a new and enlarged Edition of her interesting work, "The Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns." The printing of this new edition has just been completed, so that those who have been disappointed in obtaining the work will now have the opportunity of adding it in its improved form to their collections.

Miss Strickland has in the press a new novel, entitled "The Pilgrims of Walsingham."

"Chances and Changes," by the popular author of "Six Weeks on the Loire," may be expected in the course of the ensuing month.

A Treatise on Nautical Surveying, containing an outline of the duties of the Naval Surveyor; with cases applied to naval evolutions and miscellaneous rules and tables useful to the seaman or traveller. By Commander Edward Belcher.

Historica Technica Anglicanae, a Systematic Arrangement of the leading Events in English History, from the earliest Notices of the Country to the Present Time; with an entirely original System of Mnemonics. By Thomas Rose.

The Christian Family's Assistant. By the Rev. Henry Lindsey Poppewell. Fifth Edition, in 8vo., Enlarged with Engravings.

The Architectural Director. By John Billington, Architect. Second Edition, in 8vo., greatly enlarged, with a Glossary, and upwards of Eighty Illustrative Plates and Tables.

The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishwoman, in 2 vols. post 8vo.

Kean, a Poem. By Theodore Norton. With a Portrait engraved by Samuel Reynolds, from a Sketch by S. Cousins.

History of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of Mary of Burgundy, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

Notes on Italy and Rhenish Germany, with professional Notices of the Climates of Italy and the Mineral Springs of Germany. By Edwin Lee, Esq., M. R. C. S., with plates.

The First Volume of the Transactions of the Entomological Society of London.

We have to announce for publication a most useful work for the Clergy in general, and for Students in Divinity, under the title of "Skeletons of the Sermons of the most eminent British Divines," by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Prebendary of Peterborough. To commence on the First of December, in Monthly Parts, of about 130 pages, price 2s. 6d. each. These Skeletons are intended as models of scriptural argumentation for the young Divine, in the arduous task of composition for the pulpit; and the work has been undertaken at the request of several members of the Church in consequence of the great expense of the voluminous originals.

A Grammar of Phrenology, or an Analysis of the Faculties of the Human Mind. By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq., Pres. Phi. Soc. London, Professor of Phrenology and Natural Theology. 8vo. 1s.

A Familiar Lecture, illustrative of the Architecture of the Human Body, exhibiting the Power, Goodness, and Wisdom of Almighty God, in the Creation of Man; adapted for the Rising Generation. By H. W. Dewhurst, Esq. 8vo. 2s.

Hector Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta; an Historical Tale. By the Marquis D'Azeglio. Translated from the Italian. 1 vol. 12mo.

The Spirit of Chaucer, in 2 vols. By Charles Cowden Clarke, author of Tales from Chaucer, in prose.

De La Macy; a Novel, in 2 vols. By Jos. R. W. W. Lomas, Esq.

Original Fables. By Job Crithannah, (Second Edition,) with 85 designs, by R. Cruikshank.

Appendix to the Black Book, with Additions and Corrections, to the present Time.

A new Edition of the Works of Milton, in Monthly Parts, with Life and copious original and collated Notes, by Sir Egerton Brydges, and historical and imaginative Illustrations, by J. M. W. Turner.

Mr. H. D. Inglis announces "A Journey throughout Ireland in the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834;" during which, we understand, he has carefully examined the country, and made himself acquainted with the condition of all ranks of its inhabitants. From an author of his acuteness and observation we are inclined to expect a very interesting work on a very important subject.

Colonel Murray's Sketches of Scottish Scenery, the publication of which has been so long delayed, are nearly completed, in a double number, to form one handsome volume.

Village Reminiscences, by an Old Maid.

A new Work on America, called the United States and Canada in 1832, 3, and 4, by C. D. Arfwedson, Esq.

A new edition of Mr. Henry Bulwer's France.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham, a Novel, by Miss Strickland.

FINE ARTS.

The Winter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. Suffolk Street Gallery, Pall Mall East.

We have as yet been able to make for ourselves an opportunity only of taking a very cursory and superficial view of this Winter Exhibition; but what we have seen has given us not only satisfaction but excessive pleasure. We can scarcely conceive a more agreeable or more intellectual lounge than this collection affords. Lofty, well lighted, and temperately warmed rooms, hung round with many pictures of actual merit, and many more that give an earnest of future excellence, must surely be a treat even for those whose mental appetites are dulled by too much enjoyment. Besides, every one, who takes a pride in his country, should consider that by every shilling that he pays for his *entrée* into these rooms, he is fostering native genius, and assisting the English school of painting to become the first in the world. In our next number, we shall particularize such pictures as we think deserving of separate notice, either for superiority or failure, for well do we know that indiscriminate praise is dishonest in him who gives, and very prejudicial to him who receives it.

We have received this month, neither Finden's nor Martin's and Westall's Illustrations of the Bible. Our silence on those publications must, therefore, be attributed to the right quarter.

Switzerland. By WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. &c. &c. &c. *Illustrated in a Series of Views taken expressly for this Work.* By N. H. BARTLETT, Esq. G. Virtue, 26, Ivy Lane.

This is the First Part of a new undertaking that must succeed, or if it do fail, it will fail through the extreme liberality of the publishers, and thus its very excellence become a traitor to it. Here are five views, all most elaborately engraved, and thus enhancing the talent of the original artist, upon stout drawing paper, interleaved by silver paper, with several pages of excellent letter press, all for the magnificent sum of two shillings. We say it advisedly, that each single and individual view is worth more than the money asked for the whole. Even the wrapper is made attractive by a beautifully executed wood-cut of the Village, or the Pass of Gondo. This publication opens with a spirited and pastoral view of a

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cottage near Thun. It is most delicately engraved, and an air of rural joyousness smiles over the whole scene. Thun, with the Bernese Alps, is distinguished by a depth of tone exceedingly true to nature, which relieves and gives the snowy Alps a wonderful force. There is a serenity in this scene delightful to contemplate. The cloud, however, extending over the mountain on the left is too forward, and seems to hang upon the top of the tree in the foreground. No doubt this defect was not visible in the drawing; and, perhaps, it is unavoidable with any engraving, the cloud wanting the aerial tint of actual colours to throw it in the distance. The view of Zurich, reminds one of Stanfield in his best manner. The Castle of Spiez, on the Lake of Thun, is a Claude without colour, and the Val d'Ossola is delightful to look upon. The whole number has our most hearty recommendation, and ungrateful will be the public if it do not ensure success to that which merits it so eminently.

Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill. Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

Christmas is coming, and very properly here is that clever wag, who delighteth in the appellation of Alfred Crowquill. His tea-leaves come very appropriately, for it seems, as matters are going on, that they are becoming remarkably scarce; witness the late tea sales. Here, however, there is no imposition. We have the real thing. Black, mixed, hyson, and gunpowder, all genuine. Even the "fine dust" is not "to be grinned at," which is as much as to say it is worth something. The whole is a good dish of fun. Crowquill's travelling companions are all natural. We have seen the originals ourselves. There can be no mistake. The vowels tell a very pretty story of a picked pocket. A is the sufferer, who accuses E, the thief, who wishes to shift it off to I, the clown, who seems thunderstruck at the accusation; O is expressing his wonder at the whole affair, whilst U, a well-wigged clerical, points to the real thief, and Y appears as a policeman, in the shape of an interrogatory. Did Alfred mean all this? If he did not, we can see it, and that is enough. We wish to cast no reflections upon the dinner castors, though, as critics, it would only be a cast of our office. The salt-cellar has not much of the Attic in it, but we will let it pass. As a whole, it is an amusing and a droll brochure, and we like it.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

There has been no particular change in any department since our last number. There have been some considerable failures at home, and still greater ones abroad; but capital seems to be plentiful, and money easily procurable for legitimate purposes. Fluctuations in our manufacturing districts there always have been, and always will be, many of them wing to mere ephemeral causes. We are neither in a state of unexampled prosperity, nor do we see the approach of any thing like adversity. The trade of the country, though not superabundant, is healthy, with the exception, perhaps, of the shipping interest. Property in vessels has been lately materially deteriorated.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 28th of October.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

India Stock, 264 half, 265.—Consols, 90 seven-eighths, 91.—Consols for Account, 91 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 90 one-eighth.—India Bonds 25p.—Exchequer Bills, 43s. 4½s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Brazilian Bonds, 77 five-eighths.—Columbian

Six Per Cent, 1834, 30 one-fourth.—Dutch Two and a Half Per Cent, 52 five-eighths.—Mexican Six Per Cent, 40 five-eighths.—Spanish, (1822,) 53 three-quarters, 57.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 71.—United Mexican, 31. 10s.—Brazilian Imperial, 33 half.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—Seeing that the financial project passed by the Chamber of Procuradores is likely to be hurried through the Chamber of Proceres without amendment, nay, even without discussion, and that the eleven years' interest due on the Cortes' Bonds will consequently be consigned altogether to the passive portion of the foreign debt, Mr. Richard Thornton, a gentleman well known in the commercial world, has addressed a memorial to the former of the Chambers on behalf of the holders of those securities, in which, without at all questioning the propriety of acknowledging the loans contracted with other Powers, he represents the gross and crying injustice of placing the English creditor in a less eligible position than the French, from whom so much smaller a proportion of the sums negotiated has been actually obtained.

This Memorial is printed in English, Spanish, French, Dutch, and German, and will be presented to the Queen Regent and the several Members of both Houses, in the hope, it appears, that the Procuradores may be induced to reconsider the question generally of the foreign debt; and, although it is not very likely now to be attended with the result contemplated, there cannot be any possible harm in trying the effect of such a remonstrance. The non-arrival of the mails of the 22nd and 23rd from Paris left the dealers here in utter ignorance of what further has been done upon the Bourse. The transactions in these Bonds have, therefore, been extremely limited, and at little variation on the 24th. They opened at 53½, and, slightly acted upon by the publication of the above document, closed at 54.

Portuguese Bonds, which had left off at 84, were quoted on the 25th at a fraction less, but are again current at the same figure. Brazilian are at 77; Columbian at 30½, or ½ lower; the Dutch Two and a Half at 52½, and ditto Five per Cent. at 98½.

In the English Market the bargains effected have been of very trifling amount, and prices remain almost precisely as quoted on the 24th. Consols for Money being at 90½, and for the Account at 91. India Stock for Money is at 264. Bank Stock at 223½, the one being ½ per cent. below, the other ½ per cent. above, the latest rate given.

Exchequer Bills have gone rather higher, namely, at 42 to 43. India Bonds are stationary at 23 to 25.

The Share Market is still inanimate, and the only schemes quoted are, Columbian Mine at 12, Mexican at 3, Polberou Consols at 6½, United Mexican New Scrip at 6½, London and Greenwich Railway at 11½, and National Provincial Bank of Ireland at 11.

No further arrivals (on the 25th) from the Colonies or any other quarter having taken place, the Commercial aspect of the City still wears the same appearance of inactivity that it has done for several days past.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPTEMBER 30, TO OCTOBER 24, 1834, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 30.—T. F. Norton, Stoke Newington, boarding-house keeper.—J. Lewis and S. Palmer, Coventry, drapers.—E. Mogridge, Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, miller.—J. W. Deacon, Barnack, Northampton, malster.—M. Binns, Harrogate, innkeeper.—J. Sharman, Ringstead, Northampton, miller.—T. Kingston, Bristol, cabinet maker.—J. Martyn Callington, Cornwall, ironmonger.

Oct. 3.—J. Barrow and R. W. Viser, Bristol, and Basinghall Street, merchants.—J. Griffith, Cateaton Street, wool broker.—R. M. Moore, Bishopsgate Street, oilman.—J. Miller, Sen., Fulham, market gardener.—J. Bentley, C. Dear, and J. J. M. Richardson, Cheapside, warehousemen.—H. Bonsor, Stewart Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—R. Parker, Rupert Street, harness maker.—J. Davidson, and J. Davis, Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, silk printers.—W. A. Grocock, Kentish Town, merchant.—T. Nicholls, Lowther Arcade, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, linen draper.—H. George, Bathwick, Somersetshire, bookseller.—T. Hingston, Bristol, cabinet maker.—W. and A. Horton, Sheffield, button manufacturers.—W.

Poole, Nottingham, boot and shoe maker.—R. Morris, Carnarvon, dealer.

Oct. 7.—G. N. Goodwyn, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden, hair dresser.—R. M. Raikes, London Wall, merchant.—I. Forth, Castle Street, Southwark, hatter.—W. R. Fry, Portland Terrace, Portland Town, timber merchant.—G. F. Girdwood, Edgware Road, surgeon.—J. A. Robson, Bank Chambers, discount agent.—J. T. Thompson, Long Acre, upholsterer.—W. Starling, Bishopsgate St. Without, hatter.—W. Baldwin, Prospect Wharf, Limehouse, coal merchant.—W. Wells, Nottingham, paper dealer.—N. Howard, Denton, Lancashire, hat manufacturer.

Oct. 10.—H. F. Foley, Windsor, surgeon.—J. Seddon, Radcliffe, Lancashire, fustian manufacturer.—W. Moody, Caistor, Lincolnshire, scrivener.—W. P. Crewe, Newcastle-under-Lyme, surgeon.—W. Long, New Sarum, Wiltshire, grocer.—T. Mullins, Bridgewater, Somersetshire, scrivener.—Hon. G. L. Massey, Brighton, lodging-house keeper.—J. Bradley, Clown, Derbyshire, joiner.

Oct. 14.—W. Redhead, jun., Lime Street,

ship broker.—P. Wootton, Birchington, Kent, grocer.—J. Hardisty and W. Beck, Liverpool, druggists.—J. Hodgkins, Liverpool, brush manufacturer.—P. H. Mair, King's Lynn, Norfolk, beer brewer.—S. Mann, Norwich, grocer.—J. Mitchell, Halifax, cotton spinner.—G. Reed, Congresbury, Somersetshire, corn merchant.—J. Bellamy, Ross, Herefordshire, apothecary.—T. Holdsworth, Leeds, wheelwright.

Oct. 17.—W. Porter, Gower Street and Keppel Street, surgeon.—S. D. Evans, High Holborn, upholsterer.—W. J. Ruffy, Budge Row, Watling Street, printer.—W. Fuller, jun. Beckenham, Kent, carpenter.—J. Poulson, J. Serjeant, and C. Denton, Bankside, Southwark, and Rotherhithe, Surrey, and City Road Basin, stone merchants.—W. Green, Cheapside, silk warehouseman.—F. P. Jervis, Rathbone Place, upholsterer.—J. Westley, Great Winchester Street, Broad Street, stationer.—T. Eyton, F. Carlile, and H. Dyson, Liverpool, manufacturing chemists.—T. Robinson, Hexham, Northumberland, innkeeper.—T. and R. Brown, Jarrow, Durham, canvass manufacturers.—R. Outterside, Liverpool, tailor.—J. J. Bulman, Coxlodge Cottage, Northumberland, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, mer-

chant.—R. Harrison, Ludham, Norfolk, coal merchant.

Oct. 21.—J. Colling, Yarmouth, grocer.—J. Appleby, Newington Causeway, tuscan hat manufacturer.—W. Richards, Oxford Street, jeweller.—R. Orsmond, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, and Great Scotland Yard, coal merchant.—J. Hall, Preston, grocer.—S. and J. Marks, Exeter, glass merchants.—W. Carr, Hexham, Northumberland, money scrivener.—J. Russom, Carnarvon, coal merchant.—W. Cole, Chester, builder.—G. Cubitt, North Walsham, Norfolk, lime burner.—J. Forth, Nottingham, hatter.

Oct. 24.—S. Buttenshaw, High Holborn, tea dealer.—M. Ade and F. Berger, Lime Street, merchants.—R. Price, Stockwell Street, Greenwich, grocer.—C. Emson, Sawbridge-worth, Hertfordshire, horse dealer.—E. Howlett and J. J. Brimmer, Frith Street, Soho, printers.—E. Lloyd, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, bookseller.—R. Lewis and J. Dutton, Wootton-under-edge, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—T. Hughes, Leamington-priors, Warwickshire, auctioneer.—Mary Gray, Walsall, Staffordshire, grocer.—T. Lord, Manchester, silk manufacturer.—S. Good, King's Lynn, Norfolk, money scrivener.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1834.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	45-61	30.12-30.13	N.		Clear.
24	42-62	30.11-30.09	N.E.		Clear, except a few hours in the morning.
25	41-63	Stat. 30.09	S.E.		Clear, except a few hours in the morning.
26	51-64	30.04-29.92	S.E. & S.		Cloudy; rain in the morning.
27	50-68	29.86-29.83	S.W.	.175	Cloudy; rain frequent in the morning.
28	51-67	29.95-30.05	W.	.075	Generally clear.
29	47-65	30.14-30.18	N.		Clear.
30	41-63	30.11-30.07	S.E.		Clear.
Oct.					
1	44-62	30.08-30.05	N.E.		Clear.
2	36-64	30.03-30.09	N.E.		Clear.
3	35-62	30.08-30.06	N.W.		Clear.
4	37-62	30.08-30.12	N.W.		Clear.
5	35-68	30.10-30.14	N.E. & S.W.		Except the evening, foggy.
6	41-74	Stat. 30.14	S.W.		Clear, except the morning.
7	43-70	30.13-30.11	S.W.		Clear.
8	51-65	30.11-30.05	S.W.		Clear, except the morning.
9	57-66	29.92-29.80	S.W.		Clear, except the morning.
10	41-65	29.77-29.82	N.E.		Clear.
11	33-65	29.91-29.97	N.E. & S.W.		Clear.
12	39-63	30.03-30.05	S.W.		Cloudy; frequent intervals of sunshine.
13	40-65	30.04-30.00	S.W.		Generally clear.
14	45-65	29.90-29.79	S.W. & W.		General cloud, rain at times.
15	37-62	29.65-29.69	W. & S.W.	.05	Cloudy, sunshine at times.
16	39-61	29.35-29.26	S.W. & W.		General cloud, rain at times.
17	41-58	29.29-29.59	S.W.	.2	Cloudy, rain frequent.
18	35-55	29.86-29.90	W.	.075	Cloudy; rain frequent.
19	36-57	29.91-29.83	S.W. & W.	.025	Cloudy, rain frequent.
20	54-61	29.73-29.70	S. b. W.	.025	Cloudy, rain frequent.
21	56-56	29.95-30.14	N.	.025	Generally clear, except the afternoon.
22	36-58	29.92-29.76	S.W. & W. b. S.		General cloud, rain at times.

NEW PATENTS.

ENGLAND.

J. Beard, of the Parish of Leonard Stanley, Gloucester, for certain improvements in machinery for dressing woollen cloth. September 1st, 6 months.

G. J. Green, J. O. Bacchus, and W. Gammon, of Birmingham, Warwick, Glass Manufacturers, for improvements in the manufacture and working of plate and other glass. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 1st, 6 months.

J. Chanter, of Stamford Street, Surrey, and of Earl Street, Blackfriars, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an improvement in furnaces. September 2nd, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Walworth, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in the several processes of saccharine onions and acetous fermentation. September 6th, 6 months.

W. Longfield, of Otley, York, Whitesmith, for an improved lock or fastening for doors, and other situations where security is required. September 6th, 6 months.

H. Shapnell, of Salisbury, Wilts, Major-General and Colonel in the Royal Artillery, for improvements in fire-arms of various descriptions, and in ammunition for the purposes of fire-arms. September 6th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery Lane, in the Parish of Saint Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in mills for grinding wheat and other grain; and which improvements render them also applicable to other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 15th, 6 months.

S. Perry, of Wilmington Street, Wilmington Square, Gentleman, and E. Massey, Senior, of King Street, Clerkenwell, Watch Manufacturer, and P. J. Gauci, of North Crescent, Bedford Square, Artist, Middlesex, for certain improvements in pens and pensholders. September 20th, 6 months.

E. Weeks, of King's Road, Chelsea, Middlesex, Horticultural Builder, for certain improvements on kitchen or other grates or ranges, which he denominates Weeks' Cooking Apparatus. September 20th, 6 months.

SCOTLAND.

T. Sharp, Merchant, and R. Roberts, Engineer, both of Manchester, Lancaster, for an invention communicated to them by a foreigner residing abroad, of certain improvements in machinery for grinding corn and other materials. July 11th.

C. Wilson, of Kelso, Roxburgh, in that part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland called Scotland, for certain improvements applicable to the machinery used in the preparation for spinning wool and other fibrous substances. July 17th.

W. S. Losh, of Walker, Northumberland, Gentleman, for an improved method of bleaching certain animal fats, and certain animal, vegetable, and fish oils. July 17th.

J. Shee, of Lawrence Pountney Place, in the City of London, Gentleman, for certain improvements in distillation. July 17th.

J. Hamilton, of Threadneedle Street, in the City of London, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for sawing, boring, and manufacturing wood applicable to various purposes. July 17th.

J. Aston, of Birmingham, Warwick, Button Maker, for an improvement in the manufacture or construction of buttons. July 21st.

J. Gold, of Birmingham, Warwick, Glass Cutter, for certain improvements in cutting, grinding, smoothing, polishing, or otherwise preparing glass decanters, and certain other articles. July 21st.

P. Wright, of the City of Edinburgh, Manufacturer, for an improved method of spinning, twisting, and twining cotton, flax, silk, wool, or any other suitable substance. July 22nd.

I. Jecks, Junior, of Bennett's Hill, in the City of London, Gentleman, for an apparatus or machine for putting or drawing on or off boots. July 25th.

L. Hebert, of the Hampstead Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machines or apparatus for and in the process of manufacturing bread and biscuits from grain. July 30th.

R. Simpson, late of Rouen, in the Kingdom of France, but now residing in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner then resident in France, of certain improvements in machinery for stubbing and roving wool and cotton. August 1st.

W. Higgins, of Salford, Lancaster, Machine Maker, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad, of certain improvements in machinery used for making twisted rovings and yarn of cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous substances. August 5th.

H. Ewbank, of Idol Lane, in the City of London, Merchant, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad, for dressing rough rice or paddy and certain other grain, by rubbing off its skin or pellicle, and re-dressing or cleansing rice. August 5th.

D. Ledsam, and W. Jones, both of Birmingham, Warwick, Screw Manufacturers, for certain improvements in machinery for making pins, needles, rivets, wood screws, and nails. August 6th.

J. Rapson, of Penryn, Cornwall, Engineer, for an improved apparatus for facilitating the steering of vessels of certain descriptions. August 18th.

W. Hale, of Colchester, Essex, Engineer, for certain improvements in or on windmills, which improvements are applicable to other purposes. August 26th.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Lancaster, Mechanist, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cutting screws. August 29th.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—William Yarrell, Esq. in the chair.—Amount of receipts during the month of September, 1067*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*; expended 609*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.*; balance on the month, including that of August, 1114*l.* 8*s.* 5*d.* Among the donations were twelve beautiful doves, living, from Port-au-Prince. The number of visitors to the gardens in September was nearly 20,000. The works which were last month in progress for obtaining an independent supply of water for the gardens, by means of a well and engine, have come nearly to a close. The spring has been reached at a depth of nearly 200 feet; and the water stands at about 120 feet from the surface of the ground. The steam-engine for raising it is now almost ready, and will be erected as soon as the foundation and brick-work necessary for its reception are completed. At a recent meeting of the Committee of Science, a letter was read, addressed to the Secretary by K. E. Abbott, Esq., and dated Trebizond, Dec. 1833. It gave some account of the famous honey of Trebizond, which is spoken of by Xenophon, in his History of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks, as having produced the effect of temporary madness, or rather drunkenness, on the whole of the army who ate of it, without, however, causing any serious consequences. It is supposed to be from the flowers of the *Azalea pontica* that the bees extract this honey, that plant growing in abundance in this part of the country, and its blossom emitting the most exquisite odour. The effect which it has on those who eat it is, as witnessed by the writer, precisely that which Xenophon describes: when taken in a small quantity it causes violent headache and vomiting; and the unhappy individual who has swallowed it resembles as much as possible a tipsy man: a larger dose will completely deprive him of all sense and power of moving for some hours afterwards. A portion of the honey accompanied the communication, and was exhibited.—Some weeks ago we gave a curious account of the habits and peculiarities of a pair of Sandwich Island geese in Lord Stanley's menagerie at Knowsley: the gosling of this pair is now fully as large as the parents, and nearly resembles them in plumage; the only differences being about the neck, which is more indistinct in front, and wants the full extension of the black down the nape; and the collar at the bottom, just above the breast, is only faintly marked. The legs are as yet of a dirty greenish-yellow tinge. It is not pinioned, but has hitherto shown no wish to use its wings. In fact, these animals are the tamest of the tame—scarcely will move out of one's way if in the walks, and are constantly coming into the building, even more familiarly than the common ducks.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

CRATER OF MOUNT ETNA.—The late tremendous eruption of Vesuvius, may perhaps give interest to the following particulars, relative to Etna, furnished by a German traveller, by whom that mountain was recently ascended:—Concerning the internal state of the crater I can say but little, for it sent forth without intermission volumes of smoke. It was therefore impossible to descend into it, as may be done to a certain depth when the volcano is quiet: but such an enterprise is always attended with danger. An Englishman is said to have lost his life not long since in attempting it: fastened to a rope, he caused himself to be let down to a considerable depth, but gave the signal to be drawn up too late, and reached the top in a state of insensibility, from which this modern Empedocles never awoke. All therefore that I can tell you is, that it took us more than an hour to go round the crater, which, as far as clouds of smoke allowed, we examined on all sides, and found that within it there rises a rock, which looked not unlike a gothic steeple. We threw several stones into the abyss: they rolled down with a hollow thundering sound, till at length with a loud noise they seemed to fall into some kind of fluid. From the moment they were thrown till the last splash was heard, I counted forty-eight pulsations, which seems to confirm the opinion of those, who believe, that there is an excavation in the body of the volcano down to the level of the sea. Around the whole margin of the crater, as at the Solfatara, near Pozzuoli, we found virgin sulphur, but in much smaller lumps. It was everywhere so hot, that our boots were quite scorched. On our left, at the foot of the cone, we saw the last crater that opened in 1819. Its shining yellow mouth had discharged all the lava, which now encompasses the Val del Bue. The black ashes produced by forty small craters, still mark the dominion of the despoiler of the fairest country of the earth; for you can form no conception of the luxuriance and the brilliant verdure of that part of the valley which the lava did not reach. But those parts which were covered by it, appeared the more desolate, especially since this valley is situated at the depth of nearly eight thousand feet. It was formed in the year 1669, when a subterraneous river of lava swept away the mountain that stood upon its site, and on the other hand threw up the two Monti Rossi. We rolled down large blocks of lava, but they were dashed in pieces before they had performed the half of their terrific journey. In comparison with this steep, craggy, tremendous lava defile, several Italian miles in length, that of the Infant Rhine near Viamala in the Grisons, is pleasing and agreeable; for here the eye penetrates into the very heart, as it were, of the most awful and unmitigated desolation.

EGYPT.—The operations for barring a portion of the Nile have been commenced, and a levy of men has been made for the purpose of draining the Canal of Mahmoudieg. No less than twenty thousand men will be required for this operation, and fifty thousand for the works at the point of the Delta. The Viceroy of Egypt has been for some time directing attention to agriculture. It is expected that he will be able to produce two million quintals of cotton in five or six years. The greatest difficulty is the want of hands.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE MATCH AT CHESS NOW PENDING BETWEEN THE WESTMINSTER AND PARIS CHESS CLUBS.

ENGLISH GAME.		FRENCH GAME.	
1. K P 2	K P 1	1. K P 2	K P 2
2. Q P 2	Q P 2	2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. P takes P	P takes P	3. K B to Q B 4	Same
4. K Kt to B 3	Same	4. Q B P 1	Q P 1
5. K B to Q 3	Q B P 2	5. Q P 2	P takes P
6. Q checks	K B to K 2	6. Q B P takes P	K B to Q Kt 3
7. P takes P	K castles	7. K R P 1	K Kt to B 3
8. Q B to K 3	K R to K Sq.	8. Q Kt to Q B 3	Castles
9. B attacks R	Q Kt to B 3	9. Castles	K R to K's Sq.
10. K Kt to Q 4	K B takes P	10. Q R P 1	K R P 1
11. B takes Kt	Q Kt P takes B	11. K R to K Sq.	Q R P 1
12. Q B P 1	K B takes Kt	12. Q Kt P 2	K R to K 2
13. P takes B	Q B P 1	13. Q R to R 2	K B to Q R 2
14. Q to Q 3	Q to Q K 3	14. Q R to K 2	

WESTMINSTER CHESS CLUB.

20, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, Oct. 13, 1834.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

DESTRUCTION OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BY FIRE.

On Thursday night, (16th ult.) near seven o'clock, a most dreadful fire broke out in some buildings near the lower end of the House of Lords. It raged fiercely at once. Even so early as seven o'clock, when a more than strong twilight was calculated to subdue the appearance of the flame, a deep, ruddy glow rose high over the region of Westminster, and was fearfully perceptible every where. On approaching the scene, the flames appeared to the spectator bursting through almost every window of the façade of the House of Lords, and at the same time breaking through its roof. It seemed then even a desperate case. Unfortunately, too, the wind was high, and, blowing from the south-west, greatly aggravated the conflagration. To add to this, the spot where the fire commenced was so central as equally to endanger the body of every building around, and, above all, Westminster Hall was in terrible danger. Westminster Abbey, too, stood fronting the blazing pile of fire, lit up to its highest pinnacles by the awful light. From the buildings the flames had rushed to the House of Lords itself, with such vast celerity, that before eight o'clock the whole range of structure, from the portico, by which the peers enter, to the corner where it communicates with the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, was in flames. The House of Commons was speedily almost entirely destroyed. From its unfortunate situation, and the unlucky circumstance of the tide being unusually low, a very scanty supply of water, and application of only one or two engines, not very advantageously placed, were all that the most strenuous and the most zealous exertions could bring to bear in the vain attempt to save it from destruction. The destruction of the House of Lords was not so speedy. The fire had proceeded to the body of that House, taking within its range the several official apartments that are over the piazza, and which face Palace-yard, thence proceeding to the Painted Chamber, and extending to the library, which was originally most valuable, and has recently been much enlarged; yet although all these were eventually destroyed, it was not till late in the night; and even at one o'clock the flames were continuing. The library, which was a modern, large, and beautiful building, was soon completely destroyed, the roof falling in with an immense crash, and almost all the books, and many parts of the collection, which were of the most rare and valuable quality, were all burnt. The octagonal tower near the pier, which faces Abingdon-street, was a remarkable object in the progress of the conflagration. The lower room of this tower, and which is over the peers' entrance, is the Lord Chancellor's retiring or robing-room. Curiously enough, though the fire raged on all sides and above, this room was spared, at least till one o'clock. No doubt it was a mere shell; but the flames had not burst from its windows. Beyond the library is the new gallery with its beautiful scagliola-compo columns, and elaborately tasteful cupola, along which the king proceeds to the Painted Chamber, and thence to the robing-room, previously to his opening Parliament. It was the work of Sir J. Sloane. That gallery and the staircase are preserved; an escape that is attributed to the fact of a thick party-wall separating it from the library, &c. That end of it which was near to the (late) Painted Chamber did not escape scorching. While this horrible destruction was proceeding without hope of arrest, all exertions possible were making to save Westminster Hall.

A very intelligent writer in the *Herald* gives a graphic account of the beginning, the progress, and the eventual success of these exertions. At a little after seven, it appears, on going to the front of the Hall, its strong, iron-railed gate was found closed fast, but the inner door was open, and through the great southern window at the end volumes of flame were seen rolling through three windows opposite and immediately near it. There was no one in the Hall—it seemed as if it were deserted and abandoned to the approaching fire. It was in vain to think of breaking the iron fence. Some gentlemen then, it appears, who felt the nature of the emergency, returned to the scene in Palace-yard, and succeeded in persuading a party of firemen to break open the small postern which, from that side, leads into the Hall. This was done by great exertion, and an entrance effected. Our readers will recollect that a short passage, of some ten paces in length, alone used to intervene (it intervenes no longer now) between the great window of the Hall and the three from which the triumphant flame rolled. The imminent danger, therefore, may be conceived. But

two engines having been introduced into the body of the building, the one to convey water to the other, which worked against the formidable enemy from the scaffolding in the Hall; ladders also having been quickly taken, under the direction, still, of casual advisers, and placed against the great window, the firemen, ascending to its base, found ample room to play upon the blazing element, which thence confronted them. Their exertions were all that could be expected from zeal and manliness. Several bodies of the Guards now came down—and Earl Munster, Lord Melbourne, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and many other persons connected with government, besides several officers of the Guards, appeared on the scene of action in the Hall. There was zealous interference now on all sides, but a great want of a commander-in-chief. Between ten and eleven two great masses of the frontage of the House of Lords fell in, but, in consequence of the heaviness of its timbers, and, probably, its numerous mural subdivisions, it still continued to burn most fiercely. The House of Commons had at this time fallen. The flames were attacking, with great force, both flanks of the Hall—the committee-rooms on the one hand, and on the other certain private apartments and passages communicating with the Speaker's house. By this time, however, the greatest danger to the Hall had passed. The engines had so successfully opposed the fire, that, although it had consumed all but the beams and walls of the building in which it raged, it had made no further impression on the Hall than by causing extensive fractures of the glass of the window. While they were thus employed, a partial attempt was made to save some papers from one of the offices of the Parliament building, to the lower part of which the fire had not as yet reached. With the distraction consequent on this, the fire was, however, again allowed to near the Hall through a bye passage, and for a time it was again in danger. The destruction without presented, at this time, to those within the Hall, a scene of singular impressiveness. The flames at each side showed ominously through the upper line of Gothic casements, flaring against the old oak timbers—through some of the larger lower windows on the middle line; and on the eastern side, next the Speaker's house, the fire seemed to glow through the lath and plaster with which they have been screened up; while, in one place, where there has been a private door, the wooden frame-work blazed round an orifice, which seemed like the mouth of one of the potteries. Here the Hall was, in truth, on fire. Before the great window, at the same time, there was a deep dull red, in the midst of which the ribs of the burnt building stood, but occasionally veiled by thick volumes of smoke, or a fall of burning particles. On the floor of the Hall, and amid piles of brick, newly-hewn stone, timbers, and all manner of obstructions, were the two engines worked by their respective companies' labourers. The firemen shouted their directions from above, and numerous busy, meddling people, whose rank embarrassed, but whose wisdom afforded but little guide, from below. An interference more providential than any now came. The wind shifted more to the west, and with the exception of the flames at the Committee-room corner, turned the fire riverward, and from the Hall. From that moment its destruction could no longer be dreaded.

The writer in the *Times* has given the following description of the fire as you approached it from the river:—"The conflagration, viewed from the river, was peculiarly grand and impressive. On the first view of it from the water, it appeared as if nothing could save Westminster-hall from the fury of the flames. There was an immense pillar of bright clear fire springing up behind it, and a cloud of white, yet dazzling smoke, careering above it, through which, as it was parted by the wind, you could occasionally perceive the lantern and pinnacles, by which the building is ornamented. At the same time a shower of fiery particles appeared to be falling upon it with such unceasing rapidity, as to render it miraculous that the roof did not burst out into one general blaze. Till you passed through Westminster-bridge, you could not catch a glimpse of the fire in detail. As soon as you shot through the bridge, the whole of the melancholy spectacle stood before you. From the new pile of buildings, in which are the parliament offices, down to the end of the Speaker's house, the flames were shooting fast and furious through every window. The roof of Mr. Ley's house, of the House of Commons, and of the Speaker's house, had already fallen in, and, as far as they were concerned, it was quite evident that the conflagration had done its worst. The tower, between these buildings and Jerusalem Chamber, was a-light on every floor. The roof had partially fallen in, but had not yet broken clean through the floors. The rafters, however, were all blazing, and from the volumes of flame which they vomited forth through the broken casements, great fears were entertained for the safety of the other tenements in Cotton-garden. The fire, crackling and rustling with prodigious noise as it went

along, soon devoured all the interior of this tower, which contained, we believe, the library of the House of Commons. By eleven o'clock it was reduced to a mere shell, illuminated, however, from its base to its summit, in the most bright and glowing tints of flame. The two oriel windows, which fronted the river, appeared to have their frame-works fringed with innumerable sparkles of lighted gas, and, as those frame-works yielded before the violence of the fire, seemed to open a clear passage right through the edifice for the destructive element. Above the upper window was a strong beam of wood burning fiercely from end to end. It was evidently the main support of the upper part of the building, and as the beam was certain to be reduced in a short time to ashes, apprehensions were entertained of the speedy fall of the whole edifice. At this time the voices of the firemen were distinctly heard preaching caution, and their shapes were indistinctly seen in the lurid light flitting about in the most dangerous situations. Simultaneously were heard in other parts of the frontage of the river; the smashing of windows, the battering down of wooden partitions, and the heavy clatter of falling bricks, all evidently displaced for the purpose of stopping the advance of the flames. The engines ceased to play on the premises, whose destruction was inevitable, and poured their discharges upon the neighbouring houses, which were yet unscathed. A little after twelve o'clock the library tower fell inwards with a dreadful crash, and shortly afterwards the flame, as if it had received fresh aliment, darted up in one startling blaze, which was almost immediately quenched in a dense column of the blackest smoke. As soon as this smoke cleared away, the destructive ravages of the fire became more evident. Through a vista of flaming walls you beheld the Abbey frowning in melancholy pride over its defaced and shattered neighbours. As far as you could judge from the river, the work of ruin was accomplished but too effectually in the parliamentary buildings which skirt its shores."

During the whole of the fire there was no disturbance. Yet the streets were awfully dense with the crowd. Within less than half an hour after the fire broke out, it became impossible to approach nearer to the scene of the disaster than the foot of Westminster-bridge, on the Surrey side of the river, or the end of Parliament-street on the other. Many of the records and state papers were, it appears, saved by the exertions of Lord Melbourne, by whose direction waggons, hackney-coaches, cabs, &c., were hired, and a large number of the military were employed in removing the ancient records that were deposited in the remaining apartments of the House of Lords. These waggons, when filled, were driven to the newly-erected State Paper-office in Downing-street, under an escort of soldiers. "The state papers," the *Post* says, "were removed from the Parliament-office into the gardens, and those which are of ancient date, we are informed, were undisturbed in their usual fire-proof vaults under the Painted Chamber, very near the spot where the Guy Faux combustibles were discovered. The splendid mace of the Speaker was saved by two firemen, who ascended a ladder while the premises were burning, and entered the second floor window. The Chancellor's papers are amongst others which were saved, but several of the smaller papers and parchments were strewed about the road fronting the portico. Lord Auckland despatched a messenger to Deptford, who brought an immense tarpaulin, which was thrown over the books and paper in the garden, to prevent the sparks firing them." During all this Lord Duncannon especially distinguished himself. He ascended the roof of the House of Commons, to watch and superintend the play of the engines; and owing to the rapid spread of the fire, was, it appears, in considerable danger, especially as he gallantly refused to leave the roof till all the firemen and soldiers who were with him had first descended. Lord Munster too had a very narrow escape, for, about three o'clock, his Lordship was about to enter one of the libraries at the eastern wing of the Commons, urging the men to rescue the valuable works therein deposited, when part of the rafters of the ceiling fell in, and a labourer, named Daniel M'Callam, of 79 Tottenham Court-road, seized his Lordship by the collar, and dragged him from the apartment, the ceiling of which immediately afterwards fell in, and M'Callam's shoulder was dislocated by the rafter. He was conveyed to the Westminster Hospital, where he now lies.

On Friday morning, the ruins continued smoking, and shortly after ten the volume of smoke began to increase, but the engines were immediately set at work and after having been played for half an hour no further apprehensions of the fire again breaking out were entertained. Some were, however, constantly kept at work, and at four o'clock in the evening of that day the fire might still be seen burning, while large volumes of smoke with flame were occasionally observed to

issue from the western angle, (opposite Henry the Seventh's chapel,) in which is the members' entrance to the House of Commons. Two or three of the engines were then engaged upon this quarter. At an early hour on Friday, Sir John Cam Hobhouse was on the spot giving directions to the men. The Speaker's house was quite gutted. St. Margaret's church was literally crammed with papers, furniture, and boxes of every description. Various rumours were, of course, abroad as to the cause of the fire, but nothing can yet be depended upon. It was melancholy to view the ruins. Of the House of Commons nothing remains but the walls; all else is gone; so are all the rooms and offices between that and the House of Lords; but in that the fire seems to have had the greatest scope. Nothing at all of it is left saving the back wall. The walls in front of Old Palace Yard have all tumbled down, and the place presents all the appearance of a complete ruin. Great destruction had taken place in the Speaker's house by the removal of the furniture, and breakage of the plated glass in the windows. The furniture was all placed in the garden; so also were the books which formed his splendid library. We are glad to say that the greater number are saved, and were being taken into the rooms in the house, which were untouched, when the Speaker (who had been sent for by express to Brighton) arrived about twelve o'clock. He seemed glad that the matter was no worse. Lady Sutton's jewels and wardrobe were also saved, and a valuable marble chimney-piece, worth 200*l*. The *Courier*, we are glad to observe, gives the following information:—"We have this morning been over every portion of the ruins as far as it was practicable, and we are glad to be able to contradict the statement that the libraries of the two houses were destroyed. The fact is, that the books belonging to the Lords' library had been removed to one of the committee rooms, the library being under repair, and they have been nearly all saved. The whole of the books of the Commons' library were also saved." The *Albion* was also on the scene of the ruin, and describes it thus:—"We observed several in the act of sketching the ruins from various points of view. Piles of doors and pieces of furniture were heaped upon the flagways, and the aisles of St. Margaret's church are filled with books, and bags of papers and parchments. Occasionally a loud crash, and a volume of smoky dust, announces the fall of some additional portion of the ruins. Of that which was the House of Lords, nothing remains but pieces of the external walls. Of that part of the House of Commons stretching towards the members' entrance, the total destruction is not yet apparent to the eye, as both the walls and many of the window-frames remain; but the body of the House has disappeared, and of the rest most probably only the walls remain." Soon after the breaking out of the conflagration a despatch was sent off to the King at Windsor, informing his Majesty of the calamity; and on Friday afternoon a cabinet council assembled in Lord Althorp's house in Downing-street, in consequence of the same melancholy occasion. Meanwhile, from the office of the Woods and Forests, the following official report of the damage had been issued.

Report upon the damage done to the buildings, furniture, &c. of the Two Houses of Parliament; the Speaker's Official Residence; Official Residence of the Clerk of the House of Commons; and to the Courts of Law at Westminster Hall, occasioned by the Fire on the 16th day of October, 1834, as far as at present the same can be ascertained.

House of Peers.—The House, Robing Rooms, Committee Rooms in the west front, and the Rooms of the Resident Officers, as far as the octagon tower at the south end of the building, totally destroyed. The Painted Chamber totally destroyed. The north end of the Royal Gallery, abutting on the Painted Chamber, destroyed from the door leading into the Painted Chamber, as far as the first compartment of columns. The Library, and the adjoining rooms, which are now undergoing alterations, as well as the Parliament Offices, and the Offices of the Lord Great Chamberlain, together with the Committee Rooms, Housekeeper's Apartments, &c., in this part of the building, are saved.

House of Commons.—The House, Libraries, Committee Rooms, Housekeeper's Apartments, &c. are totally destroyed, except the Committee Rooms, Nos. 11, 12, 13, and 14, which are capable of being repaired.

The Official Residence of Mr. Ley (Clerk of the House.)—This building is totally destroyed.

The Official Residence of the Speaker.—The State Dining Room, under the House

of Commons, is much damaged, but capable of restoration.—All the rooms from the oriel window to the south side of the House of Commons are destroyed.—The Levee Rooms, and other parts of the building, together with the Public Galleries, and part of the Cloister, very much damaged.

The Courts of Law.—These buildings will require some restoration.

Westminster Hall.—No damage has been done to this building.

Furniture.—The furniture, fittings, and fixtures, to both the Houses of Lords and Commons, with the Committee Rooms belonging thereto, are, with few exceptions, destroyed.—The public furniture at the Speaker's house is in great part destroyed.

The Courts of Law.—The furniture generally of these buildings has sustained considerable damage.

The strictest inquiry is in progress as to the cause of this calamity, but there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it has arisen from any other than accidental causes.

Office of Woods, &c., Oct. 17, 1834.

To this we are able to add the report, fortunately not extensive, of the personal accidents that occurred. George Simmons, a mechanic, 10, Crown-street, Westminster, run over by a fire-engine; broken thigh, and otherwise bruised—Michael Penning, 7, Great Peter-street, Westminster; a fractured arm by falling of timber—John Hamilton, 43, Union-street, Borough, fireman; compound fractured leg (not expected to survive)—Charles Boylan, labourer, 22, Coburg-street, Gray's Inn-road; fractured skull—Rosannah M'Cale, 4, Providence-row, Palmer's-village, Westminster; broken leg from being run over—Ralf Raphael, 1, Stonecutter-street, Upper St. Martin's lane; a fractured head—Thomas Rowarth, 30, James-street, New cut, fireman; fractured skull—John Slater, 9, Oxford-buildings, Oxford-street; a dislocated shoulder, and severely burnt by hot lead—John Hay, Horseferry-road; dislocated shoulder. All these remain in the hospital. A great number in addition received minor injuries, but their wounds being dressed, they left the hospital.

We are glad that, after the strictest inquiry by the Speaker, Sir John Hobhouse, and other authorities, the fire is ascribed to accident alone. It seems most likely to have been occasioned by the flues employed for warming the House of Lords having been overheated. It is stated that a considerable number of the old tallies by which the accounts were formerly kept in the Exchequer have been burnt within the last few days for the purpose of heating these flues. It is likely, therefore, that the quick heat produced by the destruction of the old tallies, and some unknown defect or foulness in the flues, may have been the means of igniting some of the surrounding timbers. For the two or three last days Mrs. Wright, the housekeeper of the House of Lords, is said to have complained of the immense heat which pervaded the whole of that building, and which, as she fancied, was accompanied by an indistinct smell of fire. Now, if this be correct, the fire must have been smouldering for some time in the dry timber of the edifice; and if we admit that supposition, we obtain a reason why the flames might burst out simultaneously, as they are said to have done, in different places, and why they afterwards proceeded with such frightful rapidity in their career of devastation. The first person, it appears, who saw, or apprehended fire, was the wife of one of the door-keepers who had apartments in the house, in that range of buildings which fronted the Palace-yard; she alarmed another female, and other persons were soon drawn to the spot, when the fire under the doors was clearly seen by them, evidently becoming stronger; but still the doors were not opened to ascertain the fact, so great was the consternation of the parties. Eventually the lower doors were opened, at the large door-way through which the Commissioners went to the bar of the House of Lords, and on their being opened the painful reality of an extensive fire was discovered by the bursting forth of immense volumes of flames. The fire having thus got vent, raged furiously, and almost at the same instant it made its way with an irresistible torrent through the windows over the tapestry, and thence shot forth into the atmosphere.

It is almost unnecessary to state that the spectators of the fire on Friday and Saturday, were not so numerous as they were on the preceding evening. But what was wanting in the quantity, was made up in the quality of the visitors. Some members of the Royal Family, it appears, came to view the ruins. Lord Melbourne, Lord Althorp, Lord Holland, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Munster, and several other individuals of rank were there. So, too, was the Duchess of St. Albans. On the preceding day, among the most active and zealous of the workmen, we omitted to mention Mr. Hume. He laboured "like a horse," they say. Many of the ministers had been at Lord Albemarle's *déjeûné à la fourchette* at Hampton

Court, to meet his Majesty on Thursday, when they were summoned to town. Of Lord Althorp a very pleasant anecdote is told. He distinguished himself greatly by his efforts to check the progress of the fire, and, at one particular moment, hurried away by his zeal to preserve Westminster Hall, burst into the following animated exclamation:—"D—n the House of Commons, let it blaze away; but save—save the Hall!"

Notwithstanding all the gossiping of the papers, there can be no doubt but that the fire originated through carelessness, that prolific parent of accident. What follows must be conclusive.

The Morning Chronicle contains a report of the evidence of a witness examined before the Privy Council on the subject of the fire, which is decisive of its origin. The report is signed by the party himself, Mr. Snell, an ironmonger, of Tiverton. It appears that Mr. Snell was on a visit at Mr. Shuter's, of Milbank-street, and being desirous of viewing the Houses of Parliament, went at four o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Shuter's son, who were the last persons in the House of Lords; and on entering the House of Lords, a little after four, immediately expressed to Mrs. Wright his surprise at the quantity of smoke, which Mrs. Wright accounted for by the workmen being then employed below. Mr. Snell and Mr. Shuter then walked to the Old House of Lords, where they observed the difference in the atmosphere, Mr. S. there complaining of cold. More than half an hour was occupied in these inspections. On returning to the House of Lords, Mr. Snell, after examining the throne, woolsack, &c. was desirous of viewing the tapestry, which partly owing to the growing obscurity, and from the smoke, was scarcely visible. The most important part, however, of Mr. Snell's evidence, was, that on proceeding to the lower part of the House, near the seat of the Usher of the Black Rod, the heat from the floor was felt through his boots, which induced him to put his hands on the floor, the heat from which was so great, as to cause him to exclaim, "Bless me, what a strong heat is here! I should think it would take fire;" to which Mrs. Wright replied, "Oh, no, it is a stone floor," and accounted for the heat by saying, "that they were then burning Exchequer tallies in their flues; and she did not know by what authority they used them." This is clearly decisive of what every man of sense entertained no doubt about. *The Standard*, notwithstanding, publishes another silly "incident," from which it would "appear, that the news must have been tolerably well known in the neighbourhood of Warwick, in three hours after the fire broke out."

The investigation of the Privy Council, as to the causes of the fire, has meanwhile been proceeding. The investigation was conducted with closed doors, and it was said that even Mr. Gurney, the short-hand writer to both Houses, whose services were necessary to take notes of the evidence, was sworn to secrecy. The witnesses were introduced one by one, and every precaution was adopted to prevent the proceedings obtaining publicity. The papers, however, have published some detailed and some confused accounts. From them it is very clear that the fire must have resulted from the burning the old Exchequer tallies. The first witness called was Mr. Whibley, clerk of the Works, who stated that he authorised a man of the name of Scott to burn the wooden tallies of the Court of Exchequer in the stoves for heating the flues communicating with the House of Lords.—Mrs. Wright, the housekeeper of the Lords, was next called in. This lady underwent a long examination. We understand she stated, that, during the day, becoming somewhat alarmed at the unusual heat in the house and in the apartments adjoining, she sent no less than three different messages to Scott to ascertain if there was any danger, and advising him to be cautious. Scott, however, in his examination, resolutely denied this. We give an extract from what seems a very sound report of his examination.—The Attorney-General: Can you form an idea of the quantity destroyed or burnt in the stoves of the House of Lords on Thursday, the day of the fire? Scott: No, I cannot; I burnt a very great number.—The Attorney-General: Of what description of wood were the tallies composed, as regarded its burning?—Scott: It was very dry, and burnt with rapidity.—The Attorney-General: Now, Sir, answer me this question, and be careful how you answer it: did you at any period of the day of Thursday, the 16th of October, perceive anything unusual, or feel any extraordinary degree of heat in the House of Lords?—The witness hesitated.—The Attorney-General: Now, Sir, recollect yourself.—Witness: I do not recollect feeling any thing extraordinary in the heat of the house during the day.—The Attorney-General: Nor at any time?—No, nor at any time.—The Attorney-General: Are you quite certain of that fact?—Witness: Yes.—Subsequently the Attorney-General

asked: When did you first hear of the fire?—Witness: I had left the premises for a few minutes, and when I returned the rumour was abroad that the House of Lords was on fire.—The Attorney-General: Were you on the spot immediately after the fire broke out?—Witness: I was.—The Attorney-General: From what you observed of the fire, where, in your opinion, did it first break out?—Witness: I cannot say.—The Attorney-General: What prevents you from saying?—Witness: Why, it would be impossible to state, for it seemed to me to burst out all over the premises at once.

The evidence of the witness was not further proceeded in at this time, but in consequence of the statement made by Miss Wright and other persons, flatly contradicting him, he was subsequently sent for, and the Lord Chancellor cross-examined him very severely; and it was elicited that Scott had been transported for a felony at an early period of his life, which to the Privy Council sanctioned the presumption that he would not scruple to state what was false. Be this as it may, he certainly seems to have done so, for the boy referred to by Mrs. Wright distinctly deposed that he was present when his father cautioned Scott not to load the fires so much; and that he was sent by Mrs. Wright three different times to request of him to be careful, as she began to feel quite alarmed. There can be no doubt, indeed, on the point, though a silly sort of excitement has been produced in consequence of a Mr. Cooper, of the firm of Cooper and Hall, stove makers, who had the superintendence and repairing of the flues in both houses intrusted to their charge, having informed their lordships that he was in Dudley, on Thursday night, when the fire occurred, and he heard it publicly stated, in several companies in that town, which he named, that the Houses of Lords and Commons were burnt to the ground. This was as early as 10 o'clock at night. He was positive it was Thursday, for he returned to town early on Saturday morning by the Shrewsbury Regulator coach, which left Birmingham on Friday at noon. The Lord Chancellor here suggested the absolute necessity of having the guard of the Shrewsbury coach before them, and messengers were immediately dispatched to procure his attendance. He was not to be found, however, and the Privy Council therefore adjourned. The Lord Chancellor, however, shortly afterwards returned, and gave particular instructions to the messengers, that no exertions should be omitted to procure the attendance of this guard. On Thursday Mr. Cooper was again examined, when the following was elicited. Mr. Cooper stated that he was at Dudley on Thursday, the 16th instant, and on that day he dined and spent the evening at the Bush Inn in that town: there were four other commercial gentlemen present. Between 9 and 10 o'clock—he was positive it was before 10 o'clock—they were informed that both Houses of Parliament were burnt down. This extraordinary intelligence, which they understood was the current talk of the town, naturally formed the topic of conversation for the small party with whom he was associating for the remainder of the evening. He was quite confident of the day; indeed, it was morally impossible for him by any chance to make a mistake. At the time he felt fully convinced that it could be nothing but an idle rumour, and during the entire evening he treated it as such. On the following morning he took the Shrewsbury coach at Wednesbury, or Bilston, for the purpose of returning to town, and until he arrived at Birmingham he remained perfectly sceptical as to the fact. There, however, it was confirmed by direct intelligence from the metropolis, it having been appended in a note to the way-bill of the different mail-coaches, in the following words:—"London, Thursday evening, 8 o'clock. Both Houses of Parliament are now burning." He did not recollect the name of the gentlemen who spent the evening with him at Dudley, but they were the representatives of respectable commercial houses, and of course were well known to the landlord of the Bush Tavern, and there could be no doubt, if their lordships should think their evidence material, that they could easily be found. He, however, would swear positively to the fact. Stuckbury, the guard of the Regulator coach, was next called in. He stated that he had just seen and conversed with Mr. Cooper, and he perfectly recollected that gentleman getting on the coach at Bilston on Friday morning. He came with them all the way to London. He was quite confident he was not mistaken as to the identity of Mr. Cooper, or as to the time and place he got on the coach. He had no recollection of hearing any conversation respecting the fire, or of that fact itself, until the coach arrived nearly to Oxford. The propriety of instituting an investigation at Dudley was then discussed by their lordships, but the Chancellor's attendance being required at the prorogation of Parliament, they adjourned. They have not since assembled. The *Times*, however, states that this does not arise from the existence of any doubt, but because it was

thought prudent, for the satisfaction of the public mind, and the utter extinction of rumours and suspicions, to investigate in the closest manner all the circumstances connected with the account given by Mr. Cooper of his having heard of the event at Dudley, in Worcestershire, the very evening on which it took place.

After the most patient and diligent investigation, it has been satisfactorily proved to all, excepting old women and professional alarmists, that Mr. Cooper must have been labouring under a mental delusion in the evidence that he gave before the Privy Council, regarding the report of the conflagration being rife at Dudley three hours after its commencement.

We understand that at the King's Council, which was held at St. James's Palace on the 22nd, it was finally determined that the ensuing session of Parliament should be held at the New Palace at Pimlico. In consequence of this arrangement, at five o'clock on that day the progress of the work of completing the embellishments of that edifice was suspended, and all the workmen employed discharged. Sir J. C. Hobhouse, the Chief Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, Sir R. Smith, and Mr. Blore, the architect, were, on the 23rd, for several hours, engaged in inspecting that building, suggesting the necessary alterations. This arrangement, it is certain, will not tend to public convenience, not only on account of the out-of-the-way situation of Buckingham Palace, but because the alterations which will be found indispensable cannot be effected without an enormous expenditure, whilst the accommodation must of necessity be of a very limited nature. It seems, indeed, little else than an expedient to turn off this monstrous building from the King, and saddle it on the nation. We observe, however, since writing this, that there is some hope of the project not being forced—and that there is a reasonable chance of finding temporary accommodation for the Lords and Commons on the site of the dilapidated buildings. This, at all events, is stated by the *Courier*.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Admiral Dundas was fourth son of the late Lord Dundas, by Lady Charlotte Wentworth, sister of the late Earl Fitzwilliam; he was brother to Lord Dundas, Sir Robert Dundas, and brother-in-law of the present Earl Fitzwilliam. As an officer Admiral Dundas was highly esteemed throughout the naval service, as his character combined the excellent officer and seaman, with the most correct and gentlemanlike deportment. He entered the naval service early in life; was a Lieutenant of the Queen Charlotte of 100 guns, in March 1800, when that ship unfortunately caught fire and blew up, in which he continued until the last moment of safety, when, finding all his efforts to extinguish the flames unavailing, he jumped from the jib-boom, and swam to an American boat approaching, by which he was picked up. He was shortly after promoted to the rank of Commander in the Calpe, and on the 3rd of August 1801, to that of Post Captain, and subsequently commanded the Quebec, Euryalus, Achille, and Edinburgh, in which he constantly gave proof, during thirteen successive years, to the close of the war, of ability, zeal, prudence, and undaunted gallantry, that was equal to any emergency, and tended to exalt his country's honour and permanent welfare. He many years represented the shires of Orkney and Shetland.

THE EARL OF DERBY.

Edward Smith Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Lancashire, a Privy Councillor, born 12th Sept. 1752, succeeded 24th Feb. 1766; widower the second time, having married first, Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, only daughter of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton; secondly, May 1797, to Miss Farren, (the actress,) whom his Lordship survived five years. The issue of his first marriage were Edward Lord Stanley, born 1775, (married to his cousin,

daughter of the Rev. Geoffrey Hornby,) and two daughters, the late Lady Charlotte Hornby and Lady Elizabeth Cole. About forty years ago the Earl of Derby was a leading political character, but subsequently to second marriage he became enamoured of domestic life, and with his Countess was caricatured by Gillray, the artist, under the names of Darby and Joan. During the short reign of the "Talents," in 1806, his Lordship was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; he was also one of the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, and a staunch supporter of the turf; for cockfighting especially, his Lordship had a warm predilection. By the death of the venerable Earl, the Right Hon. Gentleman, who lately held the office of Colonial Secretary, derives an accession of rank as Lord Stanley. The families of the Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Wilton, Hornbys, Stanleys of Cronhall, &c. go into mourning.

M. VASSAL.

Lately, in Paris, M. Vassal. He was formerly President of the Tribunal of Commerce, and during the Three Days sent more workmen into the streets than any other person in Paris, by closing his workshops. The revolution, however, which had found M. Vassal rich, respected, President of the Tribunal of Commerce, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies, within less than a year saw him ruined, expelled from the Tribunal of Commerce, and driven from the Chamber.

M. JOSEPH GIOBERT.

Lately, after a long and painful illness, M. Joseph Giobert, Professor of Chemistry, as applicable to the arts, at the University of Turin, and Director of the classes of Physics and Mathematics at the Royal Academy of that city. He was a pupil of Lavoisier and Fourcroy, and contributed more than any other learned man to the improvement of the science of chemistry in Italy.

Married.—At Petit Brie, the seat of Baron Louis, uncle of the bridegroom, Admiral de Rigny, Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, to Madame Honnorez, a rich Belgian widow.

At St. Marylebone, Woldemar Scyffarth, LL.D., late from Dresden, to Louisa Sharpe, member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, third daughter of William Sharpe, Esq. of Pentonville.

At Limber, near Brocklesby, Henry Capel, Esq., of Brixton, Surrey, to Jane, eldest daughter of George Nelson, Esq., of Limber.

At Milan, General Sebastiani, the French Ambassador at Naples, to the widow of General Davidoff, who was well known at St. Petersburg in the saloons of the Count de la Ferrounays.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, Lord George Augusta Hill, youngest son of the Marchioness of Downshire, Baroness Sandys, to Cassandra Jane, youngest daughter of Edward Knight, Esq., of Godmersham Park.

In the 65th year of his age, Doctor Francia, to the daughter of M. Durand, a merchant, of Bayonne. By the articles of the marriage contract, the bride will succeed to the political authority of her husband, in case he dies without leaving any legitimate heir.

Died.—Rear Admiral the Hon. George He neage Dundas, one of the Lords of the Admiralty. He was brother of the present Lord Dundas, and in his 57th year.

In Dublin, James Hewitt Massy Dawson, Esq. late M.P.

In Eccles Street, Dublin, the Baroness Talbot de Malahide, after an illness of four months, in her 87th year.

Near Rahl, the Regency Duke of Saxe Altemburg. He was nearly 72 years of age, and had reigned above 50 years.

At Munich, in the 78th year of his age, the celebrated German historian, Conrad Manner.

At Hadzor House, near Droitwich, Worcestershire, Caroline, wife of Edward Nicholas Hurt, Esq., of Dorset Square, and daughter of Joseph Strutt, Esq., of Derby, aged 35.

At Cosley's Bridge, near Lisburn, in the 94th year of his age, Mr. John Toane, farmer, after being confined to his bed for nearly 21 years.

Near Nancy, at an estate to which he retired four or five years ago, when his health obliged him to renounce public life, Field Marshall Baron Vincent, formerly Austrian Ambassador at Paris.